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THE NEW
# STATESMAN AND NATION

## The Week-end Review

Vol. XVI. No. 400 (New Series) SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1938 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

| | Page |
|---|---|
| COMMENTS | 593 |
| POLICY FOR A NATIONAL OPPOSITION | 596 |
| PARIS AFTER MUNICH. By Alexander Werth | 597 |
| A LONDON DIARY | 598 |
| THIS ENGLAND | 600 |
| THE FUTURE OF HUNGARY. By Graham Hutton | 600 |
| THE WORLD. By Y. Y. | 601 |
| BACK TO THE LAND? By L. F. Easterbrook | 602 |
| THE LOST WARDEN. By Sagittarius | 604 |
| CORRESPONDENCE | 604 |
| From Edward Thompson; G. T. Garratt; Charlotte Haldane; Tom Wintringham; Lord Addison; Storm Jameson and others; I. Noël Treavett. | |
| THE IMMORTAL MARCO. By Eileen Power | 606 |
| ENGLISH OPERA. By W. J. Turner | 608 |
| THE MOVIES. By Peter Galway | 608 |
| PLAYS AND PICTURES | 609 |
| BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett | 612 |
| REVIEWS: | Page |
| Versailles. By Kingsley Martin | 651 |
| The Marxist Critic. By G. W. Stonier | 652 |
| Literature, Religion and Society. By Humphry House | 656 |
| Three Lives. By Cyril Connolly | 656 |
| Imperial Studies. By W. M. Macmillan | 658 |
| New Novels. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor | 660 |
| The Post-War Theatre. By Raymond Alderson | 662 |
| SHORTER NOTICES | 664 |
| WEEK-END COMPETITIONS | 664 |
| CROSSWORD | 666 |
| THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Dives | 668 |
| AUTUMN BOOKS SUPPLEMENT (*see Special Index*). Includes poems by R. C. Trevelyan and reviews by C. E. M. Joad; Peter Quennell; K. John; J. M. Hone; A. L. Rowse; Leonard Woolf; Donald Carswell; John Betjeman; Geoffrey Parsons; Rose Macaulay; Eric Estorick; Cecil Gordon. Selected List of Forthcoming Books. | |

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

PALESTINE is now practically under martial law. Jerusalem has been in a state of siege; up and down the country soldiers are taking over the functions of the civil district commissioners, and all the police are put under military control. This lamentable state of affairs is, in large part, the fault of the Government's weakness and blunders in the past, and the strong measures now being taken are only to be justified by the necessity of restoring order as an essential condition of a real settlement of the Palestinian problem. Great Britain is emphatically not engaged in any such fool's task as trying to stamp out Arab nationalism. The long-awaited decision and policy of the British Government is expected within the next week or two, and "intelligent anticipations" of it have already leaked out. It seems pretty certain that Partition is to be dropped, and that another effort is to be made to reach a solution in which Jews and Arabs would be persuaded to co-operate in a unified State, under British supervision. That would obviously mean the abandonment or modification of the extreme demands for independence on either side. And at the heart of it—as indeed of any compromise plan—there would be the crucial problem of Jewish immigration. We understand that the scheme, to which we referred last week, of a federation of States, is an alternative (and it might be a better alternative) that is still under discussion behind the scenes among influential persons.

### The War in China

The Japanese attack in Southern China is a bold stroke, and its initial success has been spectacular. The landing at Bias Bay was practically unopposed, and the invaders' advance has been rapid. The Kowloon-Hong Kong railway has been cut, and the pressure is hard on other vital points. The British colony is cut off from the interior, and is indeed in a highly dangerous position should the Japanese attack it—which, however, is not a very likely contingency at present. Canton, which no doubt is the main objective, has been evacuated by the greater part of its inhabitants (the normal population of 2,000,000 is said to have dropped to 200,000 within a few days). But the Japanese armies are still a considerable way off, and heavy Chinese reinforcements are being rushed up to the Front. We shall not be surprised if the adventure ends, after all, in failure. Meanwhile the advance up the Yangtse continues slowly; the Japanese,

as we write, hold positions within sixty or seventy miles from Hankow, and it is possible that their rate of progress will be increased if the Chinese are forced to weaken their forces there in order to strengthen the defence in the south.

### Church and State in Austria

Who or what is safe under the Nazi regime? Not long ago few would have expected to see the hooligan attack on Cardinal Innitzer's palace in Vienna that took place a fortnight since. But of course the Cardinal is not at all the same man who cried Heil, Hitler! when Austria was seized, and he has given offence to the zealots of totalitarianism. It appeared at first that the Dictatorship disapproved of this outrage; but within a few days Herr Buerckel, the Reich Commissioner, was coolly blaming Cardinal Innitzer for having provoked the demonstration and accusing him of seditious trafficking with the Jews. He followed these charges with the announcement that all the church schools in Austria were to be closed, that there would be no amnesty for Dr. Schuschnigg or for priests in Czechoslovakia, and that negotiations between Church and State in Austria were finally broken off. And now, this week, there has been another demonstration at Salzburg outside the palace of the aged Archbishop Waitz, against whom, as against the Catholics in general, and the Franciscan friars in particular, feeling is running high. The feeling on the Catholic side, which is bitter and deep, cannot of course manifest itself now. But the Roman Church will outlast the Third Reich, and when its day comes again it may go hard with some of the Nazis.

### Problems of the New Czechoslovakia

There is now no doubt about Germany's gains, territorial and economic, in Czechoslovakia. The Munich Agreement has gone well beyond the Godesberg demands, and what Poland has got and Hungary will get makes another substantial deduction. Politically the remnant of the Republic is a satellite of the Reich, and the Prague Government has promised the Führer to observe a "correct attitude." The latest news is that a large part of the British £10,000,000 is to be used to build a strategic road running from Pilsen down to Ruthenia. From the "racial" point of view, there is a sad mix up. A large percentage of Czechs, of non-Nazi or anti-Nazi Germans, is left in many of the districts that have been taken by Germany. There are likewise big minorities, and in some places majorities, of Czechs in the Polish acquisitions. As for the exchange of populations, it is clearly going to be a problem of the utmost difficulty. Many of the Czechs are faced not merely with the grievous prospect of uprooting themselves and beginning life again in strange places, but with the problem of how to make a livelihood in their new homes.

### Mr. De Valera and Ulster

Mr. De Valera is not a National-Socialist, but he is not above adopting a point from Hitler's diplomatic technique. There is nothing new in his demand for the incorporation of Ulster in a united Eire, which he expounded to an *Evening Standard* interviewer on Monday. What caused something of a sensation was his coupling with it of a threat, or warning, that unless he got what he wanted Great Britain could not count on his co-operation in the event of a war. We need not stop to argue whether this is quite nice behaviour on Mr. De Valera's part. Ulster, of course, shouts defiance at him, and many people in this country automatically take their stand with Ulster. But his proposals are, in fact, neither absurd nor improper. He wants the Six Counties to come into an All-Ireland Parliament, while retaining full autonomy in local affairs, subject only to guarantees being given for the Nationalist minority in the area. We do not see why anybody should be shocked by such an "Anschluss," which on the face of it is far more sensible than the present partition of this small island. The real difficulty lies in the suggestion that Britain should persuade Ulster into accepting it. There is no sign at present that Britain, with the best will in the world, could do that. And even Mr. De Valera does not suggest that we should or could force Ulster.

### The Sandys Case

The evidence given before the Select Committee which has now been published confirms the impression that well-informed critics of our defences were not popular with the Government before last month's emergency. Mr. Sandys may not have been well-advised to put his doubts in the form of a parliamentary question, since his detailed disclosures revealed the plans for London's defence. But it is clear that he was voicing the widespread dissatisfaction in the Territorials with the complacent tone of Mr. Hore-Belisha's speeches. When Mr. Wedgwood Benn asked Captain Hogan, the Adjutant of the regiment, if a passage in a speech of Mr. Hore-Belisha was an accurate description of his unit, Captain Hogan was excused from replying. The inference is obvious. Since the Select Committee met, the crisis has made further concealment impossible, and Captain Liddell Hart could make even more startling disclosures last week at Oxford about the number of anti-aircraft guns provided for London. The Government will certainly be faced, when Parliament meets, with a demand for a full and clear statement of their A.R.P. policy.

### Evacuation

Every new disclosure of the existing plans for dealing with an "emergency" increases our apprehension. The scheme for the evacuation of adults wishing to leave London was worked out by the Home Office. Shortly before the crisis all clerks to the county were instructed to see that billeting officers were appointed by the clerks to the rural district councils without consulting their councils. This high-handed disregard of local authorities cannot even be excused on grounds of efficiency. One rural district we know of, with a population of 20,000, a large proportion of which is crowded round a huge engineering factory, was scheduled to receive 11,000 refugees. There was to be no medical inspection whatsoever and the refugees were to be quartered in every room including the kitchen. Since most of the hospitals had already been commandeered, the local authority would have been completely unable to deal with epidemics. It is also to be noted that large numbers of the cottages were scheduled for slum clearance and that the Medical Officer had condemned the water supply in parts of the district as inadequate for the existing population. The moral is obvious. Large-scale schemes of evacuation can only be successful if there is co-operation and previous consultation

between central and local authorities. No wonder the rural districts are up in arms.

### What Next in Spain?

Ten thousand of Mussolini's war-weary infantry, selected because they have served for eighteen months in Spain, embarked this week at Cadiz for home, but all the aviators and technical troops, both Italian and German, remain, as well as a big body of Italian infantry. Italian motorised units and munitions continue to arrive. Meanwhile, the last survivors of the International Brigade have been withdrawn by the Spanish Government from the Republican fronts and are being evacuated from Spain under the supervision of the League's Commission. At the same time the diplomats in Rome are busily preparing for the ratification of the Anglo-Italian Treaty. It is generally believed that Mr. Chamberlain will accept this purely symbolic Italian withdrawal as "a settlement of the Spanish question" adequate for ratification. If so, the annexation of Abyssinia will be recognised without a substantial *quid pro quo*, while Majorca remains under Italian occupation and Italian air-power sustains Franco's rebellion. Thirteen British ships have been bombed since the Munich peace. The next step is presumably to be the demand for belligerent rights by Franco. The unofficial conference of constituency Labour Parties which meets in London on Sunday should furnish a valuable test of opinion. It is to be hoped that it will justify the belief of its promoters that the rank and file are ready both for co-operation with other sections of the Opposition and for more drastic methods of action to end the one-sided farce of non-intervention and to ward off the danger of a food-blockade.

### The New Zealand Victory

The New Zealand Government did splendidly in the General Election. Its victory three years ago was largely due to the fact that it was contending against a disunited opposition, so that it was able to win seats on a minority vote. Last week there was practically a straight fight between Labour and a combination of all the anti-Socialist forces; the few independents hardly counted. Labour increased its total vote by over 100,000—from 392,000 to 494,000—against an anti-Labour vote, including all the independents, of 388,000 (374,000 in 1935). Already, Mr. Savage's Government has used its three years of office to lay the foundations of a complete system of planning and State economic control; and now it has been returned with a clear mandate to begin building a Socialist superstructure on the foundations that have been laid. Admittedly, the New Zealand Labour Party was lucky in taking office just as the worst was over, and the prices of primary goods were rising fast; and admittedly its policy of guaranteed farm prices has not yet had to stand the test of a severe price-depression. Nevertheless, the record of the Government and the enthusiastic endorsement given to it by the electorate go to show that social democracy can be energetic and competent, and that boldness pays in standing up to the threat of a withdrawal of "capitalist confidence."

### German Penetration and British Trade

The Germans are doubtless pursuing their commercial negotiations with the countries of South-East Europe with great pertinacity and considerable success—the economic follow-up of their political victory at Munich. But some of the vaticinations about the damage to British trade in consequence of these arrangements would seem to be based on a misunderstanding. Great Britain has, economically, little to lose in the countries with which Germany is now fixing up trade arrangements, because British trade with these areas is very small, quite apart from any consequences flowing from the Munich Agreement. Taking together the six countries chiefly concerned—Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Jugoslavia, Bulgaria and Turkey—combined British exports, including re-exports, are considerably less than exports to Egypt, and much less than half the value of exports to Denmark. British imports from the same group of countries amount to less than British imports from Sweden and again to about half the value of British imports from Denmark. Economic arrangements with these countries may do something to strengthen Germany—though as they do most of their trade in that quarter already the effect cannot be very great. But nothing done in these areas can have more than a very small effect on British foreign trade. Imports now obtained from these countries are for the most part readily obtainable elsewhere; and the present volume of exports is so small that even if they were all lost it would not make a great deal of difference. This is not to say that German economic penetration of South-Eastern Europe is unimportant—far from it. But its importance lies in strengthening Germany, and not in its effect on British trade.

### The Railway Disputes

The railway strikers at St. Pancras and other London stations went back to work without winning their point, under combined pressure from the L.M.S. and their Trade Union; but they went back without acknowledging defeat. Indeed, it is quite on the cards that their point will be won by the conclusion of an agreement under which the railway companies will agree to employ only Trade Union labour. From the standpoint of expediency, it is certainly not worth the railway companies' while to risk strikes on the non-unionist issue, when in fact the Unions do represent the overwhelming majority of their employees and all wages and conditions are determined by Trade Union bargaining. The companies could, of course, stand on the principle that it is none of their business whether their employees join a Union or not. But is it worth while? Non-unionism is so seldom a matter of principle, and so often a mere matter of reluctance to pay up. Agreements to employ only Trade Unionists have worked perfectly well in many other instances: why not in this. Much more serious is the deadlock reached between the companies and the Unions over the claims for improved wages and conditions. The men point to the need for a decent minimum; the companies retort by referring to the recent drop in traffic receipts. But the deadlock is not final; the question has still to go to the special tribunal which has replaced the body set up under the Railways Act of 1921. There is no likelihood of any immediate trouble, whatever the future may hold in store.

*All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.*
*POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.*

# POLICY FOR A NATIONAL OPPOSITION

UP and down the country men and women of all parties have been so jolted out of their equanimity that a National Opposition is now a matter of practical politics. If a united Opposition comes into existence it will be because the mass of citizens realise that, whatever Mr. Chamberlain's good qualities, he has not in the recent crisis or at any time during the long-drawn-out tragedy of Spain ever stood for the sort of things that British democrats want their country to mean in the world. Such an Opposition must be prepared to take power and must make up its mind, not what it would do if things were as it wished, but what it could do with the mess it is likely to find. In a few months the new Germany will dominate a vast economic empire from the North Sea to the Aegean—a block of 145,000,000 people with greater resources than any nation the modern world has ever known. However much we hate such a prospect, it is a fact and it will be childish to meet it with old phrases or with bellicose cries. No one can at this juncture lay down a detailed or comprehensive policy for the future: we have to ask whether it is true, as some people seem to think, that there is no choice between at once preparing with all our might for a war or adopting the kind of pacifism which accepts a Fascist world. We do not ourselves believe that there is no choice except Armageddon and doing everything that Hitler tells us. A Government that minds about freedom will have to take stock and see what it can save from the wreckage.

Since Munich it has been clear to the whole world that present British policy is concerned with the defence, not of principles or justice, but of financial interests and strategic positions. In the near East, in China, indeed wherever we turn, Britain and France are regarded not as protectors of the poor, but as the timid defenders of imperial possessions, who will buy their own immunity at almost any price. The strength of German and Italian policy lies in the fact that they can appeal to the underdog within our Empire and that their anti-capitalistic slogans can captivate the Arab world precisely because their present democratic overlords are capitalistic in the worst sense of the word. So long as a British Prime Minister can speak of the Czechs as a people he has scarcely heard of, while he is prepared, as he has told us, to go to war for Irak, Egypt and Portugal, Fascism will remain in the eyes of the oppressed a safer ally than democracy.

And the same is true of our own country. There are enthusiasts who seem to believe that rearmament by itself and in itself is a sufficient programme for the present emergency and are even willing to swallow conscription in order to save democracy. Apart from any other objections to such a course, have such people asked how a conscript army could be employed in any future war in defence of democracy, and whether such talk does not rather play into the hands of those who wish to regiment us into docile acceptance of Fascism everywhere. One other thing must certainly be asked. How is it that after pouring out hundreds of millions of pounds on armaments Britain is still unarmed? The answer points directly to a fundamental flaw in our social system. It is an indication of a disease which afflicts every department of domestic policy. This disease will not be cured by redoubling expenditure on armaments; indeed it will be accentuated.

Rearmament, as we know it to-day, is only an inefficient and wasteful form of subsidy to industries which can find no better employment for their capital. In these circumstances we shall not regain self-respect by trebling the numbers of our aeroplanes. What we need is a national plan under public control which reorganises not only our arms production, but also our agriculture, finance and industry, and puts them at the service of democracy. The essential is to banish fear; for that reason increases in rearmament should be primarily in defensive armaments, in protection from air attack and, above all, in increasing our capacity to grow our own food and develop the resources of industries that capitalism leaves to rot because they do not produce adequate profits.

In the second place, a National Opposition must be determined to restore the rights both of Parliament and of the people to be taken into the confidence of the Government. Ever since 1931, the National Government has assumed that it possessed a "doctor's mandate": to-day we are beginning to realise that Mr. Chamberlain is acting rather as a dictator than a doctor. Democracy will not revive unless it has leaders who can speak to it in language which it understands, and can trust it to keep its head in a crisis even when it knows the facts. A Government which only dares to present us with a *fait accompli* and degrades Parliament to the position of a jury at a post-mortem may keep us out of war by surrender; it can never give the people that spirit of responsible co-operation which is essential to any national effort.

In the third place the National Opposition must review the international situation coolly, without either pugnacious optimism or defeatist panic. Its first object should be to look for friends in the world—Mr. Chamberlain has not left us many—and strengthen our moral as well as our material position by co-operating with democrats everywhere. Neither need we despair of finding support even in Fascist countries and among the nations which are now falling under Fascist sway. We have constantly urged that regular British broadcasts could convey to listeners even in Germany that democrats were anxious to be friends with them, in spite of their leaders. Straightforward accounts of what democratic life is and what it stands for may reach many ears in Germany and Italy and may have their effect. During the Czecho-slovak crisis when German broadcasts were sent out from London, there was at once a startling increase in the sale of long-distance wireless sets in Germany. To listen-in may be dangerous, but people do it. Dr. Goebbels is not omnipotent. There is in Germany a desire for genuine friendship. We must get into contact with the common people of Germany; either that or the ludicrous alternative of drowning society in its own blood.

The Opposition should not regard the Mediterranean situation as hopeless. There would not be what people are fond of calling a "general conflagration" because Britain and France insisted on honourable treatment for the Spanish Government. Indeed, if we ended the present hypocrisy called non-intervention, they might well be able to reach an understanding with Mussolini, who is as much afraid of Germany's power as we, but

who only enjoys the game of making fools of politicians whose double dealing he despises and exploits. So, too, with the problems of the Near East. If instead of expending all our fury against Hitler, we were to restore the good name of France and Britain within our own empires by actively encouraging the legitimate aspirations of the subject peoples, we should destroy the main lever of Fascist expansion. There are complaints that Sir Walter Citrine has gone to Jamaica in such a moment of crisis. But if Sir Walter on his return can persuade British democrats to take action against the scandals of our colonial system, much will have been achieved. Such a policy is not Utopian: it is plain self-interest to strengthen democracy by removing the festering sores within our Empire.

We believe that, by setting its eyes upon the task of reconstruction and of genuine appeasement, British democracy would throw off its defeatism. If we are actively redressing colonial wrongs, we may hope to gain the sympathy of America as well as that of the colonial races. Labour has long put forward an excellent policy of colonial administration which would go a long way to redress native grievances. Our moral position in discussing colonial issues depends on our will to carry out this programme.

A National Opposition with such a programme would, we believe, win the confidence of the British people. If it formed a Government it would find within a short time that it had regained not only self-confidence but the confidence of democracies everywhere; and it could hope with them and with Russia to build up a system of economic co-operation which would recompense us in part for our losses of trade to the Nazis. Whatever happens in the future, we should be stronger for having returned to principle and faced the Nazi threats not with anti-Nazi slogans but with a steadfast determination to see that freedom and justice flourish in those countries where we still have influence.

# PARIS AFTER MUNICH

THREE weeks have passed since the Munich Peace, and everything, on the face of it, has gone back to normal. People stroll along the Boulevards as usual, and sit on the café terraces, enjoying the fair autumn weather; and the children play around the fountain in the Luxembourg gardens. The traffic has returned to its normal speed—none of that panic tempo with which taxis, laden with suitcases and wicker baskets, were dashing to the railway stations on the morning of September 29th—a day when hardly a child could be seen in Paris, and when at least a quarter of the population—not counting the soldiers—had left. But even outwardly, there are a few significant changes. The Motor Show opened last Friday; and if, in previous years, one could hardly get near the place on the opening day, one could now move among the stalls without the least obstruction. An ominous reflection on the economic effects of *la grande peur* of the end of September. But all's well that ends badly. M. Daladier celebrated Munich by laying a wreath on the Unknown Soldier's grave, in the shadow of that Arc de Triomphe built to commemorate the battle of Austerlitz (in Czechoslovakia—or has it been annexed by Germany now?); and he was cheered by a hundred thousand West-end people assembled in the Champs Elysées—largely a "6th of February" public, many of whom must have taken part, four years ago, in storming the Chamber of Deputies to the cry of "Daladier assassin." "What's the point of bringing *that* up?" I don't know; but it's just funny.

And M. Georges Bonnet went to talk to his Radical constituents at Perigueux, and they hailed him as a saviour of peace. "*Merci, Bonnet, merci!*" And with his hand on his heart, M. Bonnet said: "*Mes amis*, there is one thing that I cannot accept—and that is the grossly unfair charge that France has repudiated her signature. No, France's signature is sacred. There was no aggression against Czechoslovakia, was there?" "Of course there was not, Monsieur le Ministre. Have another little glass of *fine*."

In the Chamber M. Daladier made a speech in which he explained how it had all happened. M. Louis Marin's comment on the speech was that it was just as well there had been the House of Commons debate, and the British White Paper, and the various Czech documents; or nobody in France would know, from the Government's statement, what it was all about. The Chamber that day was not allowed to say anything, except to make a few comments on the motion of adjournment; and even then, when M. de Kerillis (the only deputy who, apart from the Communists, voted against the adjournment motion, which implied approval of Munich) proceeded to make a longish, Churchillian speech, M. Flandin got up and said that this was against the rules of procedure; and M. Herriot, the Speaker, told Kerillis to hurry up and not talk so much. Marin, the Poincarist, had little to say except that he wanted more information about it; Blum spoke rather inaudibly about going back to the League and collective security; and Bergery, quoting old cuttings from the *Humanité*, "showed" that the Communists were a lot of liars and hypocrites—five years ago they had thundered against the oppression of the minorities in Czechoslovakia. Which was another way of saying that Munich was a good thing. And so, with the exception of the Communists and Kerillis, the whole Chamber—Socialists and all—approved the motion of adjournment, and, a few hours later, granted the Daladier Government new plenary powers, the Communists alone voting against them, and the Socialists abstaining.

"A great day," the Right said. "The Communists have dropped out of the Front Populaire majority; in the second vote the Socialists abstained, and the Daladier Government was saved by us. *Vive la nouvelle majorité!*" And the press started a violent campaign in which, on the strength of the Chamber vote on Munich, the Communists were denounced as the "War Party." Some of the papers even demanded that the Communist Party be dissolved. Unlike the British Labour Party, the French Socialists did not vote against Munich—partly because they did not want to be called another "War Party," and partly because a great number of the Socialists, both inside and outside Parliament, were "pacifist" to the point of welcoming Munich. The British and French Governments had stated things in such a manner that most people were genuinely convinced that, but for Munich, there would have been a war. But how true is this?

After all, nearly everything had already been abandoned at Berchtesgaden; and the Communists argue that the mobilisation of the French army and the British navy could have had only two purposes—either make Hitler withdraw the Godesberg ultimatum or else work up a terrific war scare, at the height of which Munich would be hailed with profound gratitude and relief. Since Munich meant no retreat on Hitler's part, the mobilisation (according to this analysis) was just an expensive stunt calculated to frighten everybody, to cover up a retreat agreed upon in advance, and to make the Anglo-French capitulation acceptable to the British and French public. Looking back on it, it certainly seems clear that Germany was genuinely frightened by the British naval mobilisation; that Munich was, in the first place, conceived as a safety valve not by Mr. Chamberlain or M. Bonnet (as the *Intransigeant* would have us believe) but by Hitler himself; and that, if they had played their hand well, Chamberlain and Daladier could at Munich have got rather better terms for Czechoslovakia than they did. But that is past history now.

Except that to-day a curious campaign has been started which consists in saying that France could not have gone to war, because her air force was no good. There are two answers to this; one is that France has spent no less than £150,000,000 on her air force in the last six years, and that the *haut personnel de la République* might have seen to it that the money was better spent. And the second reply is that General Gamelin, in his report to M. Daladier, concluded emphatically that "in spite of difficulties" (and inferiority in the air was one of them) "we must intervene if Czechoslovakia is attacked. And Germany cannot win the war." So the diplomatic game that France and England played was totally unwarranted by their military position. Regarding Gamelin's report, it is M. Jouhaux, the Trade Union leader, who quoted it in a speech last week. And Jouhaux, who said that throughout the Czech crisis the Government "was lying and lying and is still lying," quoted a conversation he had with M. Daladier. When he reminded M. Daladier of France's obligations to Czechoslovakia, M. Daladier said: "Treaties are subject to interpretation." M. Jouhaux replied: "One does not 'interpret' France's signature." Further, he recalled a talk with Benes, who said to him in May: "If France and Britain do not wish to do anything, let them say so. At least the situation will be clear then, and I shall know what to do." M. Jouhaux's account of his talk with M. Daladier has since been denied by the latter—but not very categorically.

It is significant, however, that the Government should have been making all kinds of excuses for Munich after the first days of triumph, when apologies would have been out of place. The clamour against the Communists as the "War Party" no longer carries the weight it did at first; and many of the Socialists must be regretting that they voted "for Munich" in that Chamber debate. Flandin, who might, no doubt, have argued that his policy had triumphed at Munich, is not looked upon with much favour by anybody after his exchange of telegrams with Hitler. In his reply to Flandin's congratulations on Munich, the Führer treated him with Teutonic tactlessness, as though he were already a prospective Seyss-Inquart. "Carry on with your good work," said Hitler. Several of Flandin's colleagues resigned, after this telegram, from the Alliance Démocratique—for that is, strange to say, the name of M. Flandin's Party. Flandin has now gone "as a tourist" to Italy.

But in spite of the growing lack of enthusiasm for Munich—and the Saarbrücken speech was decisive in damping what enthusiasm there was—it is still certain that the Chamber vote reflected to a large extent the feelings of the French people just after Munich. A large proportion of the deputies represent rural and provincial constituencies; and this France, rather lazy and easy-going, fond of good eating and drinking, did not try to think very hard of what it was all about. And any clear perception it might have had was dimmed by the officially inspired press.

The reservists joined up, without enthusiasm no doubt, but without a murmur, for they felt that Germany was beginning to throw her weight about rather too much; those—and there were many—who heard Hitler's bellowing on the wireless got angry, even though they did not understand one word of German. But there were still many village-pump Radicals and Socialists who did not see the implications of Czechoslovakia's disappearance, and who shouted in all sincerity: *Merci, Bonnet, merci!*

And now? The Saarbrücken speech was, I think, a tactical error on Hitler's part. If he had spoken sweetly to France, he would have encouraged not only all the easy-going village-pump pacifists, but would have rendered an inestimable service to the Flandins and the Fascists, and to all the Munich and Four Power Pact enthusiasts. The anti-Communist campaign would have trebled in vigour; instead of which it has flopped. The slogan now is "Rearmament and a Strong Government." But ideas differ on what constitutes a strong Government. M. Pichot, the leader of one of the ex-servicemen's organisations, has proposed a *Gouvernement de Salut Public* with plenary powers for two years, and, if necessary, without Parliament "interfering" at any time. He is content to leave M. Daladier at the head of such a Government, which would, however, contain a number of "non-parliamentary personalities." M. Pichot, though representing a relatively Left-wing organisation, has had his proposal backed by the Right-Wing and plainly pro-Fascist ex-servicemen's leagues; and the Left press claims that M. Pichot spoke without the authority of his followers. Others, like M. de Kerillis, while welcoming a *salut public* Government, say that M. Daladier is the wrong man for it, and say that a General would cut a much better figure as a *salut public* Premier. Kerillis is at least right in one thing—and that is when he says that whatever the Government, it must work with, and not without or against the working class, which is a new way of saying that the General ought to work in the closest co-operation with the Trade Unions. And Kerillis is also right when he suggests that Parliament has played no part in the past year, and that there is no reason why it should play any part next year. It is certainly true that Parliament has had no say in the conduct of foreign policy, and that most of the time the Government has been legislating by decree. Sad, *mais c'est comme ça.* Much as I distrust an army-cum-C.G.T. Government, it would, I think, be infinitely better than the sort of "parliamentary" Government certain Radical politicians now have in mind. The Radicals passed a resolution last week "noting" the breach in the Front Populaire majority through the "desertion" of the Communists; and, after saying some unkind words about Flandin, the resolution suggests the constitution of a "national majority" comprising everybody from the Right to the Socialists inclusive. But as the authors of the resolution know perfectly well that the Socialists will not enter a national Government from which the Communists are excluded, they aim, in reality, at a coalition between the Radicals and the Right—that is, a National Government scarcely distinguishable from a "National Government" of the Doumergue and Laval variety—with the working class in opposition. How intensive rearmament can be carried out on such a basis—that is, with the working class against the Government—is hard to see. Yet, rearmament is the great slogan; and the clamour in the press for "Aeroplanes! Aeroplanes!" has probably the double object of justifying the betrayal of Czechoslovakia and the demand for some kind of super-powers for the Government. Not that the present plenary powers have yielded any results yet; it is said that M. Daladier is hesitating to enact any unpopular financial measures until next week's Senate elections are over—lest such measures play into the hands of the Left candidates. Be that as it may, the day for heroic decisions has not come yet.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, Tuesday.

# A LONDON DIARY

SOMETHING very important has happened in Oxford. Here at last, perhaps, is the beginning of a genuine National Opposition. With the selection of the Master of Balliol as "independent progressive" candidate for Oxford City, we know that in the long run the resistance of party machines can be overcome. Mr. Lindsay is being given a clear field by both Labour and Liberals in his contest against the official Conservative candidate. This decision is the result of a remarkably wide and spontaneous movement. It has been put about that though Mr. Lindsay may be regarded as belonging personally to the Right wing of the Labour Party, that the persons responsible for his candidature have acted "under Communist influence." Doubtless, the Communists will support him; but the demand for a united front against the Government in the present crisis has come from persons of every shade of political opinion, and even primarily from old Labour stalwarts who belong to the Right wing of the party and have been hitherto staunch supporters of Transport House. Nothing

short of the Czechoslovakian horror, the betrayal of the League and collective security and the present international abyss, could have caused a very nearly solid desire on the part of the Oxford Labour Party to withdraw its candidate, and a parallel decision by the Liberals, who seemed for a time likely to be the gainers by the Labour readiness to withdraw. Nor would it have been conceivable, apart from the crisis, that Transport House, despite its repeated declarations against any sort of Popular or United Front, would have agreed, as it has now agreed, to stand aside and abide by the decision of the local party. What now remains to be seen is whether the Democratic Front at Oxford will remain an isolated local affair, or will prove to be the beginning of a nation-wide realignment of political forces. Much will depend on Mr. Lindsay's vote next week. Entering the contest at the latest possible moment, he has but ten days in which to conduct his entire campaign. Whether in face of the severe handicap he can win, who knows? Mr. Lindsay had retired from politics for many years and people in Oxford were wondering what kind of candidate he would make. But his success (according to competent observers) has been immense. His strength lies in his moral appeal and people realise his sincerity and respond to it. When did a politician last remark in the course of a political speech, "You remember the second lesson in the morning service a fortnight ago"? And it went down with the audience.

* * *

I had a very interesting conversation the other day with a well-known doctor who has made a special study of insanity. "Don't you think," he said, "that a good many people, both of the Left and Right, in England are reacting in a very dangerous way to what they regard as the national humiliation of Munich? They feel guilty about the Czechs and in their righteous indignation they are beginning actually to want war with Hitler." "That," I said, "undoubtedly is a danger, especially among some of the younger anti-Fascists. It is partly because the younger generation never has the slightest idea of what war means and how completely futile it is as an instrument for advancing any ideal, that some of us were so desperately anxious to found a system in Europe which would allow for peaceful change before the nations were again ripe for war fever. If the complete lawlessness of Fascism were allowed to triumph, then one knew that there was a desperate danger of the old war neurosis leading to another horrible dog-fight which would end our civilisation." "Well," said my doctor friend, "as a doctor I necessarily look at the problem from a different angle. I know that Hitler suffers from paranoia and it is a highly infectious mental disease which has taken thorough hold of the younger Nazis, and that in dealing with paranoia, one has to exercise a great deal of patience and not lose one's temper." "How is it," I said, "that Hitler can have this disease, this persecution mania and this violent hatred and yet pursues so cool and calculated a policy?" "That," said my friend, "is a characteristic of the disease." And he proceeded to read me some extracts from Kraepelin's *Manic-depressive Insanity and Paranoia*, a standard German textbook published in Germany before the war.

* * *

Paranoia is there defined as an "insidious development of a prominent and unshakable delusional system resulting from internal causes, which is accompanied by perfect preservation of clear and rational thinking, willing and acting." The author then went on to describe the paranoiac building up this delusional system suspecting everyone of plotting against him, exaggerating any real slights and interpreting friendly approaches as disguises for subtle schemes which he was proud of always being able to see through. In the course of years the paranoiac is obsessed by a picture of the world centred round himself, utterly unreal in substance, but logically and coherently constructed from false premises; every detail of experience is fitted into its own mould. As the doctor read these passages to me, I found myself illustrating point after point from *Mein Kampf*. There are the early day dreams, the imagined incident of the Jew always waiting for some Nordic girl to rape and the Jewish conspiracy built up on soul fantasies. There was the tendency so extraordinarily exemplified in Hitler, to turn obsessional desires into realities and the capacity shown by many paranoiacs to infect a group of people round themselves with a religious adoration and an unshakable faith in the same delusional system. "The mood of the patient," says Kraepelin, "is for the most part excited, irritated and embittered. . . . They have usually great facility in speaking, can deliver long flowery discourses of apparent profundity, although very confused." "And how do you deal with paranoia?" I asked. "Well," said the doctor, "you only make it worse by open opposition. In time this fury somewhat abates." "But," I said, "if your paranoiac has infected a lot of people around him and they are all heavily armed, what do you do?" "That is a situation to avoid," he said, "but if it happens, the worst thing is to meet it by losing your head and becoming paranoiac yourself. I think that is what is happening in this country. The only scientific course open to you is to be cool and cunning. Once you challenge the paranoiac and become hysterical yourself, everything is lost. Obviously the main object should be to make friends, as far as you can, with sane people in Germany to assure them you do not aim at encircling or fighting them and so to undermine his propaganda." "Yes," I said, "I have been advocating constant broadcasts of public statements of that sort for years. Clearly you must not meet this paranoia by a direct challenge, but neither need you simply give in. To respond to Hitler with paralysis is almost as bad as to respond with reciprocal paranoia. You have got to find an intelligent means to meet it, and that at the moment looks pretty difficult." After he had gone, I picked up Monday's *Manchester Guardian* and read Mr. Tawney's magnificent letter, which contained this sentence: "It is easy, again, to react into an attitude which assumes war to be inevitable and to acquiesce as a consequence in the mere piling up of armaments. That by itself is worse than futile: it represents the victory of Herr Hitler in our souls."

* * *

Pondering this conversation, I picked up Geoffrey Garratt's new book, *Under the Shadow of the Swastika* (Hamish Hamilton, 5s.). It's grand. Here is a man who understands Fascism, has seen it at work in Abyssinia and Spain and whose response is the right one. He does not start raving about the amount of arms we shall use to overcome it; he fears, I believe, that if we simply arm and go to war we shall probably be beaten, and if we are not the result will be something very like Fascism everywhere. He asks what are the things that English men and women have believed they do stand for in the world—and finds, with admirably selected examples, that we have not been merely a rich John Bull, but also a country maintaining on the whole (with black patches) a certain humorous and free attitude to life and an idea of fair play and tolerance which are perhaps the most valuable things in our democracy. He shows by study of recent policy how the British Government during the last seven years has allied itself with the strong against the weak and how at the same time it has increasingly encroached on the liberties we had won for ourselves at home. It's a book that makes you ashamed and yet proud and confident that there are still things worth striving for.

* * *

A fortnight ago this journal published the text of the remarkable broadcast recently made by Mr. Ernst Toller from Madrid. It ended with an appeal to Mr. Roosevelt to take the initiative in organising "national or international action" for the relief of the appalling suffering among civilians on both sides in the Spanish war. Mr. Toller is a person of immense energy and persistence and he was able to announce at the Friends' House on October 14th that his project was receiving wide and influential support. He conceives of an organisation on the lines of the Hoover plan after the world

war; it would have a central committee uniting all existing relief organisations. He aims at 10 million pounds before Christmas. The project is already blessed by Señor Del Vayo, by various important religious bodies, by Spanish doctors and scientists and by men like Bergamin and Picasso; the American and British Quakers working in Spain have offered their full co-operation and the British Trade Union Movement is, I understand, keenly interested. Mr. Toller has received sufficient encouragement to start him off on a journey to Scandinavia and he is to visit President Roosevelt in the near future.

* * *

During the debates on the Munich ultimatum the following remark by a Conservative M.P. was overheard in the lobby: "If that was all he could do, why did he ever go to Munich? He could have written that on the back of a dirty postcard and sent it from Brighton."

* * *

Lady Astor has complained that she has "been very much maligned . . . as leader of the Cliveden 'set' which believes in Fascism, Nazism and every other 'ism.' I am a complete and wholehearted democrat." On which a friend sends me this comment:

Hostess of Cliveden's famed week-ends,
The lady fooled her Fascist friends,
Who never once suspected that
She was a crypto-democrat.

CRITIC

## THIS ENGLAND

**Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to F. B. Stevan.**

**All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.**

**Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.**

It would seem that in any fight for freedom from dictatorship the liberty of the subject and the fact that an Englishman's home is by heredity conceded to be his castle must make it very ill-advised to put any patriot, setting forth to serve his country, in the position of having persons entirely unknown to him and probably of a very different class billeted upon his household in his absence.—Letter in *Sussex Daily News*.

However, let us leave Vienna with its cloying waltzes, its magic woods and its haunting memories. Let us move for a moment into the antiseptic realm of the British Empire and take a glance at Mr. Oswald Pirow, of South Africa, who will be visiting London next month.—Atticus in *Sunday Times*.

One day, perhaps, this country will in some conspicuous place erect a statue to Herr Hitler—as we have already erected one to George Washington—because he has woken us up.—Maj.-General J. F. C. Fuller in *Daily Mail*.

Chamberlain the Peacemaker: For one week only.—Cinema Poster.

There will be no future peace unless righteousness is established. As a start, why should not the whole Church make an appeal to the Railway Companies and to the public to stop all Sunday excursions?—Letter in *Kent and Sussex Courier*.

There was perhaps not quite so much difference between parliamentary institutions and dictatorships as we were inclined, at first sight, to think.—Sir Thomas Inskip, reported in the *Times*.

Don't blame Hitler or Mussolini or the French or even the British. Blame rather the face of the Heavens at the time the Versailles Treaty was signed. The evil planets, Neptune, Saturn, Mars, cursed the Peace Conference which had its roots in the worst horoscopical influences ever set down upon an Astrologer's page. Whither it will lead the nations in the end, the devil only knows.—*Prediction*.

# THE FUTURE OF HUNGARY

HUNGARY'S attitude in the recent crisis has been sharply criticised, but it has not been understood. Once MM. Daladier and Chamberlain had, with Lord Runciman's mediatory support resolved to throw Czechoslovakia to Nazi Germany under the guise of self-determination for Sudetenlanders, the Polish and Hungarian Governments' demands upon Czechoslovakia ran the risk of being dubbed jackals' exploits. Yet who made Czechoslovakia a carcase? And, if the carcase be prey for Germany right down to its Czech bones, why should self-determination be denied in dealing with the horns or hooves? Let us pass over the Polish case, settled by force of arms in unwarrantably favourable fashion for Poland. The Hungarian Government, inheriting from Counts Bethlen and Károly and MM. Gömbös and Darányi "a sacred claim," has long demanded with all the resources of propaganda, the return of Magyar territories and people in Slovakia, Jugoslavia and Rumania; it was bound to find itself in a vicious dilemma once Germany threatened to invade Czechoslovakia to take what had only become "German rights" in the last five years.

Hungary always pleaded for peaceful frontier revision—Art. XIX of the League Covenant—and had naturally been drawn as early as 1925, into the protective sphere of Italy; for a small power of 8 million Magyars, ethnographically and economically lamed at Trianon, with 3¼ million Magyars outside its frontiers, had no means to build up those terrific armaments which, within five years of 1933, have enabled Nazi Germany to take all and more than all she has claimed. After the annexation of Austria, Hungary's common frontier with Greater Germany lay wide open—and the hinterland as flat as a Hungarian pancake. Add to this her dependence, as to more than 50 per cent. of her foreign trade, on German and Italian economic systems, and her rulers' domestic concern over an indigenous, but externally controlled, Nazi movement, and the task before M. Imrédy and M. de Kánya becomes more comprehensible. Finally, add the 20 years' of Western refusals to contemplate revisionism (led by France and the Little Entente) to the recent equivocal Anglo-French conduct over Czechoslovakia's Sudeten minority, and the dilemma before Hungary emerges into clarity.

What, in fact, have MM. Imrédy and de Kánya done these last few weeks? First, they naturally pressed the Hungarian case simultaneously in Rome, Berlin, Paris, London and Prague—even in Berchtesgaden in person. They secured a promise from Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini that, if Britain and France agreed to dismember Czechoslovakia in the name of "self-determination" for one irredentist claimant, then Hungary's claims should be not only discussed, but even settled within three months (by the Czechoslovaks), or soon thereafter (by the Four Powers themselves). Secondly, they gained French and British support for this; witness the speeches to their respective Houses of Parliament by MM. Chamberlain and Daladier, as well as the explicit terms of the first Declaration in the Munich Agreements. Thirdly, however, they immediately began negotiations at Komárom with the new Slovak authorities, and included in their claims the Magyar districts of Ruthenia (Sub-carpatho Russia), though the new Czechoslovak Government has at last given a new autonomous regime to this region. Meanwhile, in common with the Poles, Italians, French, British, and other Powers, the Hungarian Government called up reservists and made certain military dispositions on the frontiers of Slovakia and Ruthenia.

The Hungarians based their territorial claims on the Austro-Hungarian census of 1910, as did Nazi Germany over the Sudetenland. They objected to the Czechoslovak censuses of 1921 and 1930; to the former on the ground that thousands of Magyars and Magyarised Jews fled into Hungary after 1918 for fear of losing jobs and mother-tongue; to the latter on the ground that a long process of "Slavisation" had further de-Magyarised these territories. On this point there is right, and wrong, on both sides. The Austro-Hungarian census was

slipshod, and results were "ensured," in certain respects: notably over the definition of all Magyar-speaking Jews (as all had to be) as Magyars; the absence of a separate category for Jews, who are very numerous in Ruthenia; and lastly the dubious process of racial definition by "usual language" But a comparison of the figures for Slovakia and Ruthenia separately in all three years shows the following facts. In Slovakia, Slovaks have increased between 1910 and 1930 from 1,686,696 (57.7 per cent. of Slovakia's population) to 2,252,128 (67.6 per cent.); Czechs from 7,523 to 120,926 (3.6 per cent.); and Germans have decreased from 196,942 to 154,821 (4.7 per cent.). The German minority, therefore, enjoying to-day the same definition of "German" as the Sudetenlanders or Austrians, is still considerable, and it has increased by nearly 10,000 since 1921. On the other hand, Magyars decreased from 893,586 in 1910 (30.6 per cent.) to 648,241 (21.6 per cent.) in 1921. (This is mainly due to the separation of Jews as a category in 1921 by the Czechoslovak authorities, and to the abandonment of "normal language" as a criterion of Magyardom.) By 1930 the Magyars in Slovakia had further fallen to 592,337 (17.8 per cent.); but, of course, the separate category of Jews, most of whom were Magyar-speaking, and plying their urban trades in the Magyarised townships, counted for 73,621 in 1921 and 72,678 in 1930.

In Ruthenia, on the other hand, even the Czechoslovak censuses of 1921 and 1930 show that Magyars, Jews and Ruthenians people the country. In this case, most of the separate category of Jews in the Czechoslovak censuses would reinforce the Magyars' claims; though by no stretch of ethnic claims could all Ruthenia be given to present-day Hungary. In 1930 there were 115,805 Magyars as against 95,008 Jews, 450,925 Ruthenes and only 34,511 Czechs and Slovaks together.

The Imrédy Government's claims at Komárom did not extend to all Ruthenia. The proposed new frontier would have run from Pozsony (Pressburg or Bratislava), the old coronation city of the Magyars, hitherto capital of Slovakia, through 50-100 per cent. Magyar inhabited regions, on the 1910 census basis. It would have incorporated in new Hungary cities like Pozsony, Nyitra, Losonc, Kassa (Kosice), Ungvár (Uzhorod) and Munkács (Munkacevo). The Slovaks have only been prepared to return the wholly Magyar Csalloköz (Schütt island) between Bratislava and Komarn and a few more territorial bits here and there along the frontier. British and other authorities, among the latter President Masaryk himself, were prepared to see Hungary peacefully obtain revision of the undeniably Magyar districts, most of which are now claimed; and the Czechoslovak last census—which was also manipulated to reduce the number of Magyars—shows 708,142 Magyars out of just over 4,000,000 inhabitants of all Slovakia and Ruthenia. Finally, the map shows that these Magyar districts lie in the southward-turned river valleys running down to Danube and Theiss from the Carpathian northern boundary of Slovakia-Ruthenia. Hungary is their natural economic outlet. After what has happened to the Bohemian and Moravian provinces of Czechoslovakia, and bearing in mind the existence of a secessionist Slovak party wanting to return to Hungary, it seems elementary justice and equity that Hungary should get back the regions where a majority of Magyars now live.

But it is not only justice and equity—two words that have worn shoddy in the last four weeks. It is also prudence. As I tried to show last week, the new Czechoslovak State is a German dominion. The Slovaks, Ruthenes, Czechs, Magyars and Jews in it will not be as well-off as hitherto. Their rights will be curtailed. Hungary under Horthy, Imrédy and Kánya is not yet Hungary under Major Szálasi and his Magyar Nazis, or Hungary under Hitler (which would be indirectly the same thing). Indeed, a Hungary whose remaining advocates of Magyar independence and Magyar individualistic culture would be strengthened by half-a-million or so *liberal-minded* Magyars and Jews from Slovakia and Ruthenia would be thereby buttressed against the Szálasi, Festetics, Hubay band of Fascists. And not only would the liberal, individualistic elements in a country proud of them be reinforced, but revision, the goal of two decades, would have been won, at a price, by an Imrédy, not by a Szálasi supported by Herr Hitler.

Commonsense dictates to us in Western Europe that we wash our hands of Herr Hitler's new Czechoslovak colony. He will certainly stop Poland and Hungary from linking together in a common *cordon* against him. Germany wants both Poland and Hungary, and many other States, to be as dependent on German graces as is the new Czechoslovakia. But by that very token we should write off the State that is already his colony, and make his going harder on behalf of the next States on his list. That will, if it does no more, gain us time which, apparently we always need in contrast with Germany. The claim to Hungary's Slovak and Ruthene regions has been made cast-iron by recent events. If it is met, now, with British and French goodwill (not grudgingly), it may turn out to be worth our while, as much as that of the Jugoslavs or Rumanians. If not, Hungary will assuredly fall to Germany more quickly and completely. Anyhow, all cant apart, who are we to grudge her claims?

GRAHAM HUTTON

# THE WORLD

"THE world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings." . . . Someone raised the question during the week whether, if Stevenson had been alive to-day, he could have written these lines even for a child's book of verse. No writer, he held, could now publish such a couplet without a bitter sense of its untruth. "When Stevenson wrote," he said, "the Devil was in retreat. He was retreating so fast that his final rout seemed to be only a matter of time. He was becoming so dim a figure in the distance, indeed, that many short-sighted optimists were ceasing to believe in his existence. To-day, however, the Devil is marching back again with all his ancient vigour. Both in the East and in the West he is going about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. His weapons are persecution, pillage, torture and the massacre of unarmed populations. He has already banished freedom, mercy and charity from large and once happy areas of the earth's surface. He has destroyed the Age of Hope and given us instead the Age of Suffering. How could any honest writer suggest, even to children, that we should all be as happy as kings in such a world as this?"

I am not sure that my friend was right. Even under the threat of war English children seem recently to have found plenty of things to be happy about. There was an account in the papers of some children in Bradford who went out in gas-masks and engaged in a mimic battle in the streets till they were dispersed by the police. War to them was no more than a piece of fun, like the Victorian game of French and English. War is always playfully unreal to most children until it comes close to them. This was noticeable during the Great War when London was bombed. In those districts which suffered from bombing, war became horrifyingly real and children wept. In other districts where danger did not come so near, many children seem actually to have enjoyed the midnight trip downstairs and the noise of the explosions. I remember hearing a little girl of seven, who was asked after one of these midnight raids what she thought of it, saying: "I don't like the guns, but"—with the light of enthusiasm in her eyes—"I like the bombs." Many children, indeed, outside the most dangerous districts, were as happy in their ignorance during air-raids as the cats that were delighted to find human beings coming downstairs in the small hours to have their legs rubbed against with ecstatic purrs.

Fortunately, if the stories one hears are true, children, unless alarmed by their parents, were as cheerfully unapprehensive the other day when a war seemed almost certain. Many of them, it is said, who were taken out of London, were thoroughly disgusted when peace was assured. There is the story of the small boy who, on being brought back from the country to his London home, declared bitterly: "Chymberlain has mucked it up." Crowds of children, no doubt, thought

of the move to the country in terms of a vacation rather than of an evacuation.

The child, fortunately, lives in a very narrow circle, and, till pain or peril invades this circle, sees the world as the best of all possible worlds. China and Spain are as distant as the moon, and the sufferings of the persecuted in Europe to-day cast no greater a cloud on its momentary happiness than the sufferings of the Christians under Nero. It is as enviably ignorant of what is going on in the world as the birds that sang above the trenches during the war. All it knows about the world outside the nursery is that Jack invariably kills the Giant and that Fatima is inevitably saved from Bluebeard's scimitar—a piece of knowledge that makes for a more than Victorian optimism. I am fairly certain, indeed, that outside those parts of the world which are suffering from the horrors of the time, children are still as happy as they were when Stevenson wrote. In the English nursery, the world is even to-day so full of a number of things that the argument for being happy seems as sound as ever.

I am myself profoundly envious of the unapprehensive child, for my old Orange nurse brought me up in constant apprehensiveness. She did not allow me to see the world through the magic window of the Stevensonian child. She was a walking blue-book of atrocities—atrocities perpetrated on me and my like by the Pope and his obedient agents for hundreds of years and certain to be perpetrated again if it were not for the Orangemen. I gathered that the Pope had only to say: "Cut that boy's throat," and a Catholic—even a decent Catholic who was most reluctant to do the job—would at once, according to the principles of his religion, obey. She fed me on martyrdoms—burnings at the stake, Protestant girls bound to a stake and left to be drowned by the incoming tide, and so forth. In such a world of imminent danger, I might possibly have sunk into a nervous wreck if it had not been for her confidence that the Orangemen were more than a match for the Pope and his secret army. Even as it was, there were certain districts through which, when she took me a tram-ride to visit her family, I was in constant fear that we might be waylaid by a band of Papal murderers.

Add to this the fact that my nurse believed in the approaching end of the world and was never more interested than when she and I were poring over a prophetic book which contained a series of hair-raising pictures based on the Book of Revelation—pictures of a ghostly rider on a white horse, of fire and brimstone falling from heaven and all sorts of doomsday terrors—and you will realise that from an early age the fact that the world was so full of a number of things was to me at times a cause of despair rather than of rejoicing.

Even so, I cannot help looking back on my childhood as a happy one. Let anyone give me a piece of almond rock, and the crimes of the Popes were forgotten. The horse in the chemist's cart behind which I was sometimes allowed to ride was nearer to me than a Catholic insurrection or the end of the world. The Age of Despair gave way to the Age of Hope at sight of a chestnut fresh and shining from its burr. Conscious though I was of the miseries of the world, I could not shut my eyes to the fact that this miserable world also contained gooseberries, strawberries, apples, hens, cows and horses. Terror was in the air, but how easy to forget it when snow was falling on the window-pane! Satan was constantly lurking near me, so that I never said my prayers aloud for fear he should hear them and take steps to bring them to naught, but who worries about Satan in the excitement of a game of oranges and lemons? The present at least was good for the most part, and so long as the present is good an egotist can be fairly happy. And every child is largely an egotist—at least I was.

This faculty for living in a narrow circle—a circle in which we can temporarily escape from those external miseries that do not come too close to us—is manifestly not confined to children. Most men and women, too, however profoundly they are moved by human suffering, have some circle of retreat in which the outer world can be for the moment forgotten. The tragedy of Czechoslovakia does not prevent those who are appalled by it from noticing the delicious flavour of a new kind of savoury at a dinner-party. Indignation at the outrage on a free people is forgotten by the amateur gardener at the moment when he first sees his autumn crocuses in bloom. It is almost impossible to remember how tragic a place the world is when one is playing golf. A good drive—even a moderate drive for a bad golfer—and creation for the moment sings. Go to a horse-race or a football match and—especially if your horse or your team wins—you see the world through the eyes of Pippa.

Perhaps it is one of the functions of the detective story to give human beings a place of retreat from tragic truth in which to recuperate their forces It is certain that many sensitive men, such as President Wilson, have found these nonsense-stories as refreshing to the mind as a half-bottle of champagne is to the body. Here is a world haunted by crimes and criminals, yet how intrepidly we can enter it, knowing that by the end of the story the evil will perish and the good will not only survive but triumph! Our hearts beat faster as we read, but only in a play of agony. We are like children seriously absorbed in a game, and for the moment the woes of the world are forgotten in the perils of an abducted heroine made of sawdust.

Addiction to reading such stories is, I think, a proof of the longing for optimism. We wish to live even for an hour in a world in which the happy ending is inevitable. And, so long as we can do so we can, like a child reading a fairy-tale, almost deceive ourselves into believing that this disastrous world does in some measure justify Stevenson's astonishing description of it.

Y. Y.

# BACK TO THE LAND?

## 8.—Forestry

The state of forestry in this country is a monument to the ignorance, inefficiency and indifference of modern landowners. If they had set out to forge the most potent weapon to arm those who advocate nationalisation of the land, they could hardly have done better. For forestry has been the landowners' special preserve, in every sense of the term, their particular toy on which they pride themselves. Actually the average landowner has a far better instinct for agriculture, about which he is inclined to be over-modest in his claims, than for forestry, on which he tends to regard himself as an expert. About nine-tenths of our woodlands are in private hands, but the estates in England where forestry is really practised, such as those owned by the Duke of Bedford, can be counted on one hand. In Scotland things are better. This is how our woodlands are constituted:

| | Acres. | Percentage of Woodland Area. |
|---|---|---|
| High Forest .. .. .. | 1,416,890 | 47.9 |
| Coppice .. .. .. | 528,680 | 17.9 |
| Scrub felled and devastated .. | 808,810 | 27.3 |
| Amenity woods, belts, etc. .. | 204,290 | 6.9 |
| | 2,958,670 | 100.0 |

The high forest is naturally giving the best results, but is far from being fully productive. Coppice under modern conditions is not a method of sylviculture to be recommended, and the remaining 34 per cent. of forest land is contributing nothing to timber production. It is woodland gone to waste. The planted area of the Forestry Commission, the national body created after the war to re-afforest some of our land, amounts to about 330,000 acres and increases by about 24,000 acres a year. In spite of the Commission's work we are making hardly any progress at all, for it is estimated that out of nearly 500,000 devastated woodland acres after the war, 400,000 acres remain devastated and private owners

continue to fell plantations when they want cash, but do not replant.

The commonest excuse by the private owners is the old plea of death duties. Death duties undoubtedly play a part in discouraging an owner from thinking over-much about posterity, but on purely material grounds they offer no excuse at all for neglecting forestry. The Exchequer is particularly generous to woodland owners in this respect. When an owner dies, death duty is not chargeable on the timber and its value is not brought into the aggregate of the estate. If he puts his woodland under a scheme of management so that he fells it in rotation and replants, he is entitled to deduct not only the cost of realisation, but also the cost of replanting. In fact, proper forestry management, it can be shown, is the best possible form of insurance against death duties, the only form of insurance on which duty need not be paid on the money saved.

Bad management, sport and a false sense of amenity are far more important causes for the neglect of private forestry in England than death duties. It should not cost more than £12 per acre to plant, including rabbit wiring, but I know extreme cases where owners have allowed this to mount as high as £60 per acre. Thinning, which so many are neglecting to do, is not an expense but a profitable undertaking on all but the poorest soils. Refusal to fell when the plantation has reached maturity is another common fault and it is as criminally foolish as would be the action of a farmer who neglected to cut his corn when it was ready. Neglected drainage, bad bargains with timber exploiters who are permitted to enter a plantation and cut only the best trees, and hopeless marketing are other aspects of bad management that is a commonplace to-day in our countryside. There is a small local trade in hardwoods, but too trivial and irregular to be of great account in the timber world; an organised trade in home-grown softwoods has never even existed. Scots pine as good as any we import, is sold for next to nothing, even larch of good quality is almost given away. It is just the same story as that of the worst days of agricultural marketing. The sellers are unorganised, the product offered varies from the best to the worst and is all muddled together, so that the buyer never knows what he is likely to receive unless he inspects every tree. In the case of sport, the owner in innumerable instances quite frankly keeps his woodlands for that and nothing else, although the Hon. Nigel Orde-Powlett, a President of the Royal English Forestry Society, has shown that good forestry is quite compatible with—and even complementary to—a reasonable attitude towards sport. Many owners' idea of amenity in woodlands is to prefer a plantation of decrepit, over-mature trees slowly rotting to their destruction to a well-managed woodland estate where young plantations coming on in a continuous rotation ensure amenity for ever.

Clearly we cannot acquiesce permanently in this misuse of our land. We shall continue to need enormous supplies of timber, and the development of the pulp wood and viscose industries, the new forms in which engineers are using wood and the requirements of the printed word suggest that more rather than less of the world's forests will be felled for the use of man in the coming years. It is by no means so certain that supplies from abroad will continue to be so accessible or so cheap, or even that we can continue to send the money abroad to buy it instead of producing it for ourselves. Our afforested area—so much of it afforested only in name—is only 4.3 per cent. of our land. Intensively farmed Denmark and water-logged Holland can boast double this proportion of woods; in Belgium the proportion of woodland is 18.2 per cent., in Italy 18.1 per cent. and Germany has 23.8 per cent. Great Britain suffers no inherent disabilities for forestry. We can grow the species of 90 per cent. of our timber imports. The Oregon pine of America is our Douglas fir; our oak, when we grow it properly, is at least as good as American oak. Our Scots pine and Norway spruce is the redwood and whitewood we import from Scandinavia. Our rates of growth for the common woods compare favourably with those abroad and some, such as Sitka spruce and Japanese larch, compare unusually favourably. We have an immense market at our doors, but no salesmanship. Our chief difficulties are high costs through the need for artificial planting and fencing against rabbits and deer, together with the high cost of management in small units.

The most authentic estimate of what we might do with forestry was contained in an outstanding paper read to a conference on private forestry by its chairman, Sir Roy Robinson, last February. He estimated that at least 2 million acres and possibly 2½ million of our nominal woodland could seriously be devoted to timber production. In addition to this he considered that we could utilise for afforestation from 2 to 3 million acres of waste or poorly utilised land with considerable improvement in rural prosperity and employment. The total possible and ultimate annual production on a sustained yield basis would then be:

| | Cubic Feet. |
|---|---|
| From existing woodlands .. .. | 100 to 125 million |
| From afforestation areas .. .. | 125 to 175 million |
| Total .. .. | 225 to 300 million |

Our present production is about 47 million cubic feet, obtained by depleting capital stocks. The estimated volumes would be standing timber. Current consumption of imported unmanufactured timber in terms of standing timber was worked out for the year 1935 and came to 980 million cubic feet, making a total of 1,027 million cubic feet when home supplies were added. It would appear, therefore, that by a great and prolonged effort we could work up to supplying between 20 and 30 per cent. of our total consumption, including pulp wood.

How is it to be done? Can any means be found of inducing the existing private owners to co-operate even in bringing the existing woodland into proper use? Is it even practical politics for the State to subsidise landowners so that they can make a profit from their woodlands and yet for the State to take no share of that profit? Or, if the State took a share, would the landowners be sufficiently interested to wake from their apathy and manage their land properly? Perhaps something like that might be possible. We might work out a compromise that left the good manager in possession of his woods, helping him where help was necessary, but gradually putting the Forestry Commission in possession of all forest land where the owners would not or could not do their job. But, personally, I doubt it. Without apportioning the blame, we have gone so far to killing—or, if you prefer it, allowing to die—the old spirit of land ownership that I don't think we shall ever bring it to life again, especially in this business of forestry where the feeling for posterity has to be strong enough to plan for perhaps 150 years ahead. Forestry means thinking in terms of service to an unborn community. It seems to me that the State is the only body in the present condition of human evolution that can be properly charged with such a duty. Certainly that attitude will not be found among a great many of the new inheritors of the countryside, those who have bought estates for sport, for social prestige, to gratify their possessive instinct or to rear fancy flocks and herds that will gain silver cups and more social prestige for them in agricultural shows. It is a bad omen that the "home farm," which used to be the landowner's model for his tenants of a well-run commercial farm, is declining while preposterous animals reared for the show-ring increase. That is not the spirit that finds satisfaction in serving the community.

As one who regarded the old landlord-tenant system at its best as the finest system of land management that has ever been devised, it is a matter for regret that this and the previous articles in this series all point the same way. We cannot escape the nationalisation of the land. For agriculture it has become a necessity because the State has had to step in and perform many of the landowner's functions, and would have to perform more if we are to develop our heritage. Nor can

one evade the fact that a large part of any benefits coming to agriculture by the effort of the State or the cultivators themselves must eventually disappear in higher rents—not because landlords are necessarily grasping, but because land is a limited article and prospective cultivators would pay more to obtain it. Quite recently agricultural land was sold in Kent, including some hop fields. The hop fields carried the right to grow hops, which has become a remunerative business because the producers organised themselves. Whereas the value of the ordinary farm land in this district was about £35 per acre, the right of hop-growing made the hop fields worth about £250 per acre at this sale.

The obvious body to take charge of the development of land suitable for forestry in this country is the Forestry Commission. It has already got together an estate of upwards of a million acres of which 620,000 acres will eventually be forest. It has suffered plenty of criticism, chiefly on the point of planting conifers. These criticisms ignore the fact that our requirements are ten times as great for softwoods as for hardwoods and that very little of the land they are allowed to buy is suitable for hardwoods in the first rotation. But no one has accused them of bad or expensive management of their plantations and they have shown, on the whole, a refreshingly non-bureaucratic attitude towards the community. It is disappointing that this has cost them dearly in the form of forest fires started by careless picnickers and walkers in their woods. Up to the end of July this year there were 1,000 fires in the Commission's areas, and most of them at the week-ends. It illustrates how much there is to be done to make us more forest-minded and shows that the ordinary Englishman, although he would tell you that "he loves trees," has even less true sense about them than some of the owners of woodlands.

L. F. EASTERBROOK

## THE LOST WARDEN

MEETING one day with a Warden
Towards the end of the peace,
He showed me his respirator
With never a crack or crease.

It was kept in a tin container,
Its valves were the Warden's pride,
And facepiece and filter and harness
He tenderly wiped and dried.

He named all the poison gases,
I leaned on my new-found friend,
Nor knew as I spoke to the Warden
That peace had drawn to an end.

As he unslung his respirator,
As he went on his Warden's rounds,
He was hit by a high explosive
Weighing over 2,000 lbs.

We were seated in Kensington Gardens
When he fitted his gas-mask on,
But we found the head of the Warden
In the borough of Paddington.

I have sought and I still seek vainly
To gather his million bits . . .
But I know that the Warden in Heaven
Will be glad that *his gas-mask fits.*

SAGITTARIUS

# Correspondence

## PALESTINE

SIR,—I want to awaken Labour and Liberal opinion, which, generally speaking, is in the wrong about Palestine, as to what is happening. Here is an extract from a signed letter printed in the *Oxford Mail*, September 17th:

> The English soldiers seemed to go quite mad when one of their fellows got killed the other day. They raided the two nearest villages (probably belonging to a quite strange tribe from the people who fired on them), took tanks and burnt or knocked down every house, and machine-gunned men, women and children into the hills. Naturally the Arabs are not fond of us.

That yarn may be bogus. But I have never before known a time when such a story could appear in print, without some M.P. or other public person asking if it were true.

I rarely find myself satisfied that one case is overwhelmingly right. I have not one flicker of doubt in this matter, however; and having seen my country make the most terrible blunder in all our history, for which payment is still to come, I want to do what I can to prevent another of almost similar magnitude. The Arabs are not people who have seeped into Palestine since the Balfour Declaration; they and their ancestors have lived there from time immemorial, and have seen their country given away over their heads, and the Nazi and subsequent persecutions in Europe have sent out a swirling river of misery which Liberal and Labour opinion seems to think can be crowded into the pint-pot of a country the size of East Anglia. There has been an intensification of immigration, from events no fault of theirs. The war has become one without pity or mitigation, but it is fair to remember that it was preceded by years of peaceful representations and by several sterile commissions. The Jews have the press, and can ruin any paper or writer who takes up the Arab case. We read now of 6,000 cables to Downing Street from New York, and 2,000 telegrams to our Embassy in Washington; and of a mandate (it is the only word) from leading American Christians (belonging to all the churches), reminding us that our "honour" requires the strict enforcement of the Balfour Declaration (which these people interpret as promising a Jewish State over an Arab procured minority) on pain of loss of American friendship, and alleges that Palestine was handed over to us as a sacred trust on behalf of Christianity.

But who are these American protesters? I doubt if they contain one American who knows the Arab world; the personnel of the great American University of Beirut are, to my knowledge, appalled at the magnitude of the blunder which we are making and are urged to continue making. Nor will the Jews among these American protesters pay the price of what they demand. It will be paid by helpless settlers in Esdraelon and the Shephelah. Ireland is not twenty years away from us, yet we are repeating that wretchedness. Only massacre and counter-massacre (at present styled "firmness") can force the Jewish State on the Arabs, and we should sicken before we were through (as we did in Ireland). No nation has the right to demand that we drive through such a course, and not all the churches in the world can make it out to be Christianity or "honour." We have kept, and at present intend to keep indefinitely, one country in our Empire without the beginnings of representative institutions, which are to be established only when we have completely overturned the racial balance. And this is a course which the Left support, and such papers as the *Manchester Guardian*. No wonder we cut little ice when we protest about Spain or Abyssinia! Desperation always puts up brutality as its answer to martial law. Anti-semitism, from which Asia has been honourably free on the whole, is now growing rapidly, not only in the Near East but also in India. Having thrown away every friend we had in Europe, we are now pressed to throw away our friendship with the Arab and Moslem worlds, and in a cause which you cannot make out to be decent except on grounds of a promise which we had no right to make and which in any case is now grossly exaggerated. There is offered a way out, the Iraqi plan of stopping immigration while guaranteeing to the Jews now in Palestine their lives and possessions and political rights (as yet to be granted to both parties), things which can never be safe except by Arab friendship. There never was a time when we could less afford a policy which requires the constant activity of bombing planes and machine guns and gallows, and however great the economic achievements of Zionism I would rather die than be one of a community which

could exist only at such a price inflicted on others. It is no solution for the wrongs the Jewish race is suffering, and that solution must be found in a land which has room. A Jewish State, even if you can establish it, has a fearful retribution awaiting it when this country finds itself at war, and Arab rebellion re-awakens, as it certainly will, with the vigour of hope and with even steadier and stronger pressure from the Arab world outside Palestine. If there is any folly greater than ours in this matter, it is that of Zionist extremists. EDWARD THOMPSON

Oxford.

## LABOUR AND FASCISM

SIR,—The letter from Mr. Pares raises an important question. The Labour Party has lost and is losing an immense amount of support because its leaders and spokesmen too often leave themselves open to the charge that they have advocated a course which might lead to war without saying what part they would themselves take in that war. Actually the record of our leaders in the last war is better than that of our opponents. We have given no titles to notorious *embusqués*, and apart from a few passive resisters most Labour leaders were combatant soldiers. The extended age limit of the Emergency Reserve (up to 55) enabled those of us who are too "long in the tooth" for the ordinary reserve to put ourselves right on this point.

This was the position up to a few weeks ago. Now the case seems to me entirely altered, and personally I feel doubtful whether to continue to offer my feeble services, and that is the first essential to asking or advising anyone else to do so. Before the end of last month a war against the aggressive Powers, Germany and Italy, might have been successful. Now with Russia isolated, the Czechs—with their fine army and air force—either neutral or more probably at the disposal of Germany, with Jugoslavia lost as an ally, and Spain under German control, the war will almost certainly be lost. No national effort, even if it includes conscription, can make up for our material and strategic losses. I find honest Conservatives accept this view, but not the group behind the Government.

When we examine the probable future demands or causes of crisis the need for caution is obvious.

(1) A civil war in France organised like the war in Spain, but complicated by the Alsace-Lorraine question. The group behind Mr. Chamberlain who have played Franco's game will see to it that England is benevolently neutral towards the efforts of Germany and Italy to "restore order." In that case the Labour Party if they want to fight will want to fight as volunteers for France.

(2) A demand for Tanganyika from Germany or Tunisia from Italy. The Labour Party should consider whether it is *now* prepared to fight a losing war for its "black" Empire, a war in which we shall have no friends, except the French.

(3) A demand for a return of reparations payments. This follows logically from our Government's denunciation of the Versailles Treaty. The "City" will not like it, but what about us?

(4) A German demand for censorship over English critics of Fascism. This is already in force through commercial channels, so far as Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax can arrange it. A slight extension will not lead to war.

(5) A veto on Cabinet appointments, or on the coming to power of another Government. We shall never know whether this is in force until the return of the Labour Party with a clear majority.

Mr. Pares "hopes" that Mr. Chamberlain is "enough of a democrat to be willing to safeguard Mr. Attlee's right of becoming Prime Minister." There is not the least reason to believe that the group now in charge of this country, either from their statements or from their attitude toward Señor Azaña in Spain or towards President Benes, would be prepared to do anything of the sort.

If the Labour Party is to take part in a reorganisation of this country on a new and more warlike basis it should make definite terms *before* offering its assistance. We should state what we are now prepared to fight about, and we should make it clear that in case of a war with Germany those who have been intriguing for the Fascist Powers should not be left at large. We should insist that evacuation schemes and the like should not be vitiated by the class bias of the present A.R.P.; that Labour and Liberal leaders should be kept informed of the real state of our defences and preparations, and be shown the evidence upon which replies to questions are given in the House of Commons.

G. T. GARRATT

## THE INTERNATIONAL BRIGADE

SIR,—Within one or two weeks the British volunteers who have been serving with the International Brigade in Spain will be returning home.

The services that these men have rendered to the cause of democracy is now widely recognised by all democrats and progressive people. During the period of these men's absence in Spain my Committee has voluntarily undertaken the maintenance of their relatives and for the care of those men who have been wounded. This has involved us in an expenditure of approximately £650 each week. Heavy as this commitment is, it is going to be much greater in the immediate future when the men land in England, when they will need equipping with civilian clothes and will need financial assistance until they are able to resume normal employment. In fact we estimate that it will cost a minimum of £10 per man, and as there are 800 to 1,000 men coming home, our expenses will be in the region of £8,000 or £10,000. We also have the problem of ensuring that the relatives of those who have fallen in the fight against Fascism in Spain do not want in any way, and for this purpose we have launched a £50,000 Appeal for a National Memorial Fund, an appeal which has received the support of many of the most prominent people in the Progressive Movement of this country.

We desire to urge your readers to support our work in every way they can, and we are sure they will agree with us that the men who have risked everything in order to check Fascist aggression should not suffer when they return home, and further, that it is the duty of all progressively minded people to ensure that the dependents of the men who have fallen in the fight for freedom do not suffer as a result.

Donations and enquiries should be addressed to Charlotte Haldane, Hon. Secretary, 1 Litchfield Street, London, W.C.2.

International Brigade,
1 Litchfield Street,
London, W.C.2.

CHARLOTTE HALDANE,
Hon. Secretary

## THE RUSSIAN ARMY

SIR,—Lord Winterton has stated that "the fact that the Soviet Government has thought it necessary to execute or imprison so large a number of Russian generals had, for the moment at any rate, greatly reduced the efficiency of the Russian army as a "fighting force." The same view has also been expressed by other Government supporters.

If this is so, how deplorable must be the position of the British army. For Mr. Hore-Belisha, not long ago, "purged" the War Office, removing proportionately far more generals than the Soviet authorities have done. It must be remembered that the British army is very small and the Red army fifteen or twenty times its size: half a dozen men sacked in Whitehall are equal in proportion to a hundred in Moscow. And even the Riga correspondent of the *Times* has not been able to tell us of half that number "purged" by the Bolsheviks.

But in fact generals do not matter all that much. Most armies have far too many of them, and these stiff elderly men are, in modern war, usually only suitable as figure-heads. The German armies in their prime, 1914–18, normally treated generals as decorative nuisances, all real decisions being taken by much younger staff officers.

The political reasons for the removal of some of the Russian generals are well known; the technical reasons connected with military theory and practice do not seem to be known at all. These technical reasons derive from the fact that the Red army, as a modern army, is to some extent (not necessarily a great extent) the creation of General von Seckt. During the Rapallo period, with the Weimar Republic in Germany and N.E.P. in the Soviet Union, Russian and German policies were not far apart and Reichswehr instructors laid the foundations of some of the training of the modern Red army.

The generals removed not only desired to return to a pro-German "orientation" but had carried German principles to great lengths within the army. These principles are, of course, excellent—if warfare is really the same as in the days of Frederick the Great. They approximate fairly closely to the developments of the *Führer-prinzip* in German politics and industry; they are based on meticulous control from above of every detail in action and on the grand old slogan "theirs not to reason why." They cut out all subordinate initiative in fact, whatever lip-service may be paid to it in theory. And these principles do not work in real war.

When with the International Brigade in Spain I realised that surprise, the factor that has always mattered in war, no longer happens only at 3 m.p.h., the pace of men marching, but at 30 m.p.h., the pace of tanks and lorry-borne troops, or even at 300 m.p.h., the pace of a diving plane. It becomes impossible in practice for the battalion or brigade commander to control, even by wireless, the movements of his troops in a skein of events moving at winged speed. He must set them their aims and explain these as fully as he can, be extremely quick to back them with fire or auxiliaries such as tanks, and leave the actual movements to the initiative of company or platoon leaders.

Tukhachevsky and other Russian generals, however, preferred the Seckt model of an army of automata moving to a staff-planned schedule. As an example of their influence let me quote the Field Service Regulations of the Red army. In their 1929 edition these regulations permitted the commander of a unit to withdraw it, during action, without waiting for orders from above "if there is no opportunity for contact with and receipt of orders from a higher commander," and withdrawal seems clearly necessary. In the 1936 edition of these regulations Article 257 reads: "the withdrawal of a military unit can only take place if it is ordered by the high command. The commander of a military unit, on his own initiative, may withdraw only some sections of his unit in order to group them more advantageously."

I believe the doctrine embodied in the second of these quotations is poisonous. And the Red army can only have been strengthened by the removal of the generals who inoculated it with this Potsdam virus. TOM WINTRINGHAM

30 Arundel Square, N.7.

## BOMBING OF SHIPS IN SPAIN

SIR,—Since the signing of the Munich agreement no fewer than eight British ships carrying food or coal have been bombed in Spanish Government ports.

It will be recalled that during the height of the Czechoslovak crisis General Franco declared his neutrality in the event of European war. During this time aeroplanes refrained from any deliberate attacks on our ships. It is difficult to understand why General Franco has now changed his plans and has lost his temporary respect for our flag.

In my opinion, however, the issue of whether we shall submit to having our ships bombed is a greater issue than one of national prestige. Are we to allow General Franco to use, by means of his Fascist aviators, the terrible weapon of starvation on the Spanish Republic? Remember that two million four hundred thousand children in Spain were on the borderline of starvation last summer. What will be their fate if we pusillanimously allow our normal trade with Spain to be frightened away by German and Italian war planes? It is sometimes forgotten that with its enormous refugee population Government Spain to-day houses 70 per cent. of the total population of Spain. Are we to let these people die of starvation because we dare not protect our ships?

I would also ask the British public—and I know that the vast mass of the British public whether Conservative, Liberal or Labour, sympathises with the cause of democracy and freedom in Spain—to protest vigorously against any attempt to grant belligerent rights to Franco in return for a partial withdrawal of Italian infantry. Let all German and Italian technicians and aviators, as well as troops, leave Spain and let Majorca be evacuated by Italian seaplanes—and then grant belligerent rights to Franco, if this Government thinks it a worthy and just thing to do.

Peterley Farm, ADDISON, p.p. J.H.,
Little Kingshall, President, Spanish Medical Aid
Gt. Missenden, Bucks.

## CZECHOSLOVAK WRITERS: AN APPEAL

SIR,—The writers of Czechoslovakia have appealed to us, the English P.E.N. Club, for help, and although many English writers have already given money to general funds, we believe they will wish to make this second, urgent effort. We appeal not only to writers, but to every person who cherishes the ideals of that European culture for which frontiers did not exist. When these ideals are threatened or destroyed in any country the body of European civilisation itself is threatened. The Czechoslovak authors collected, even from their poorest members, the funds they have spent during the past weeks. They are now facing with empty hands a situation of extreme difficulty. They write to us:

> It is our absolute duty to take care of the poorest ones in our midst. As we lack funds we are quite unable to fulfil this duty. We are therefore begging you to help us. We have need of, for the next few months, at least £400. Your help will be able to save us, if it comes in time, that is as soon as possible.

£400 is not a great sum of money, and if we can collect more we can use more. The life and freedom of the Czech writers is our life, and it should be our eager concern to preserve it.

Contributions should be sent at once to the Secretary of the P.E.N. Club, Albion House, 59/61 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Signed on behalf of the P.E.N.

STORM JAMESON, President, English P.E.N.
HENRY W. NEVINSON, J. B. PRIESTLEY, H. G. WELLS } Former Presidents
HERMON OULD, General Secretary.

The P.E.N.,
Albion House, 59/61 New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

## GORDON

SIR,—I don't think it spoils a good story, but the life size statue of Gordon is not in Cairo (at any rate as far as I, after twelve years' residence here, am aware). I believe the statue, by Hamo Thornycroft, is actually in Khartoum. I. NOËL TREAVETT

Cairo.

# Miscellany

## THE IMMORTAL MARCO

I ONCE knew a master at a famous public school (which shall be nameless) who was under the impression that Marco Polo was a kind of game. I did not question his qualifications for imparting culture to the young, for he had in his day been a noted blue and, as the saying goes, first things come first. But I have been reminded of him by the almost simultaneous appearance of the first two volumes of a magnificent edition of Marco Polo* edited by Professors Moule and Pelliot (which will be reviewed here when its publication is completed), and of the travesty of the great traveller's "adventures" released by Hollywood. It seems an appropriate occasion on which to speculate upon the reason why of all medieval travellers (and the adjective might almost be omitted without detracting from the truth of the statement) Marco Polo enjoys the most widespread fame and is, indeed, a household word to many who would be hard put to it to describe what he did and when and why he did it.

The reasons for his popular reputation are less obvious than might be imagined. It would probably be true to say that of all the great travellers of history Marco Polo is the one who has put least of his personality into his book. As an individual he emerges far less clearly than the fat friar William of Rubruck, who preceded him across Central Asia, or than the inimitable Ibn Battutah, who travelled in the East a little later. Their vivid autobiographical touch is entirely missing from his impersonal pages, for (in spite of Hollywood) "the adventures of Marco Polo" are precisely what he did not write. It is not always remembered that the account of the Polos' journey appears as a mere preface to a long book, occupying no more than nineteen out of the 232 pages of Mr. Moule's new translation, and very rarely does a word of their history appear in the rest of the work. As Mr. Moule says, he succeeded only too well in his resolve not to describe their journeys after that first summary statement. Even his description of

* *Marco Polo. The Description of the World.* By A. C. Moule and Paul Pelliot. (Limited edition in four volumes. £6 6s. net. Routledge and Sons, Ltd.) Vols. I and II.

routes and means of locomotion is completely impersonal; he does not say whether he went on horseback, by carriage or by canal barge. "In Cathay and the South-West," Professor Moule points out, "One sometimes rides; but from Giogiu to Zaitun one always and only goes."

Such a *tabula rasa* has allowed modern invention to make what it will of Marco the man and the popular picture shifts between the lineaments of a superior commercial traveller and those of a hero of romance. There is more foundation for the former than for the latter; a merchant he was and, faced with all the marvels of the East, a merchant he remained. Consider the material objects which he chose to bring back with him after seventeen years spent in the most advanced civilisation in the world; a specimen of yak's hair, the dried head and feet of a musk deer and the seeds of a dye plant (samples which might interest some enterprising firm on the Rialto); a few presents from Margate in the shape of a three bladed sword, a Tartar collar and the like; and for the rest jewels, portable wealth in its most universal and conventional form and the normal stock-in-trade of Messrs. Polo Brothers. Here is a man who could have filled his pockets with movable type and forestalled the printing press by nearly two hundred years, but he fills them with diamonds and rubies instead. No painted scrolls are lovingly unpacked in the Cà Polo, no paper money, not even a pound of tea; only things which everyone knows already and which can readily be exchanged for cash by experienced jewel merchants. It is the baggage of a business-man; and it may be added that all the additions to our knowledge of Marco Polo's character which the late Professor Orlandini's researches among legal documents have brought to light, go only to strengthen the impression of a hard-headed and somewhat grasping fellow, who quickly contrived, upon his return, to concentrate most of the family fortune in his own hands, pursued his nephews with the full rigour of the law for debt, and left nothing to his kinsmen in his will. The greatest of travellers is an object lesson for all who think that civilisations have only to be in contact to learn from each other, irrespective of the nature of the contact. Barons and military gentlemen fighting crusades in Palestine no doubt bring back some silk and a bottle of scent for their wives and Damascus steel for themselves and (if very intelligent) put up a windmill the better to grind their corn and their peasantry. But they do not install bathrooms in the castle and, as to the learning of the Arabs, it is not until professional scholars from Europe take to attending lectures in Toledo that the Greek inheritance once more finds its way to the West. Culture flows through human filters and some filters let through one thing, some another. As with the Near so with the Far East, during the brief period in which the West established direct contact with it. The merchants and missionaries who went there in the thirteenth century transmitted only what they were qualified to transmit.

Here, then, is a merchant whose personality, so far as it can be judged at all, is not particularly attractive, who is obviously without imagination and sometimes dull and who, even if he does not deserve the harsh judgment that "he looked at everything and saw nothing," at all events left out a great deal that we should dearly like to know. His reputation in his own day is easy enough to understand, but why, with so many hundreds of more exciting travel books between then and now, does the fame of Marco Polo still stand four square? Because when all is said and done, he deserves it. To begin with he deserves it for the sheer drama of his own adventure, which, bare of all personality and of almost all detail, and compressed into a brief preface, is nevertheless such a good story that it explodes like a firework in the mind of any normal reader. Three men from the West making their way to the vast and hidden empire at the other end of the world, travelling all over the fabulous East, remaining for seventeen years in the service of the Great Khan and then returning as escorts to a princess; this is a perfectly first-class plot. It hooks the imagination, and that the imagination of modern readers is still very ready to be hooked by adventure in the East any publishers' book list will show. Mr. Peter Fleming and Mlle. Maillart have only to make a much less spectacular journey across Central Asia to-day to have all the lending libraries stocking their books. The bare skeleton of Marco Polo's story is worth a dozen other tales with frills on them.

And not only is it a first-class story, but Ser Marco invested his description of the world with all the qualities of his defects. Happily he had no imagination. When the Venetians nicknamed him Marco Million it was rather a mark of their incapacity to believe in the teeming populations and wealth of the East than of his own exaggeration of them. He had travelled more widely than any traveller of his day among peoples who before his time had been entirely unknown to Europe. He was a chiel among them taking notes, and it was from his notes (sent from Venice to his prison in Genoa) that he dictated his book. He gives a description of what he himself saw. What he knew from hearsay he repeats as hearsay, and it is notable that all the tall stories are in the passages of hearsay and not in the passages of description. He was the honest commercial traveller. What he had to sell, first to Kublai Khan, then to his contemporaries and finally to posterity was not his imagination, but his observation. He was a man of great intelligence within his limits, and his limits were not narrow. It is no use complaining that he left out all the higher aspects of civilisation, which would not pass through the filter of his practical mind. We have only to compare his book with the marvels of Mandeville to realise what a masterpiece of reporting he has left us. He is a godsend to economic historians, because he sets down just the things that interest them, the aspect of cities, the organisation of communications, the trade of each area and every sea, the life and work and customs of rich and poor. It is the air of sheer everyday reality which Marco Polo contrives to give to his picture of the thirteenth century East which, no less than the stark drama of his personal story, has given him his abiding fame.

EILEEN POWER

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# ENGLISH OPERA

THE Covent Garden English Opera Society, whose artistic organiser is Mr. Percy Heming, is making a sustained effort to provide the Provinces with good operatic performances, and it opened a preliminary three weeks' season at Covent Garden on Monday week with a new production of Gounod's *Faust*. New scenery and costumes have been designed by Stewart Chaney, who showed not only real taste but a sense of what is fitting in the theatre; his attractive decor was a welcome change from the ancient setting which has served *Faust* in England for so many years, and the production was under the supervision of Vladimir Rosing. The result was a certain freshness in the treatment of this opera, which has suffered more than most, and may be said to invite more than most a stereotyped, conventional approach.

But one of the reasons why it is difficult, if not impossible, to get entirely away from a certain old-fashionedness in the production of this opera lies in Gounod's music, which in spite of its frequent liveliness and invention is utterly unconvincing and inappropriate to its theme. It has been said that this opera contains one really good musical number, Mephistopheles' serenade in Act III; but it is in the music given to Mephistopheles and in the conception of this part that Gounod reveals his chief weakness. Gounod had a genuine lyrical talent and every now and then was somewhat surprisingly inventive, but he had no imagination and no passion, while his musical nature lacked all the elements of grandeur, intensity and profundity, so that the suave Mephistopheles of his *Faust* is about as convincing and interesting as his gentlemanly counterpart in Marie Corelli's forgotten novel, *The Sorrows of Satan*. Nor was the present exponent of the role, Mr. Harold Williams, able to make up for this essential deficiency by any sinister or diabolic quality, since he is not only a light baritone-bass but also has rather an amiable, gentlemanly personality. His costume in Act I was not helpful, since it made him look more like Pistol than Mephistopheles, while Faust himself, when rejuvenated, appeared in a costume which made Mr. Heddle Nash resemble Sir Andrew Aguecheek rather than the Faust of Goethe's conception.

Nevertheless, there was much to enjoy in the performance. Miss Lisa Perli was a sympathetic Marguerite, and Mr. Dennis Noble sang with convincing sincerity as Valentine. If we are able to accept Gounod on his own level then we can appreciate the many virtues of *Faust*, one of which is the swiftness of its dramatic action. Gounod has the French virtue of concision, and one of the secrets of the sustained popularity of *Faust* is the businesslike attention to the important points in the drama and the skill with which the story is unfolded.

The company is proceeding, after its short London season, to Liverpool, Glasgow and Edinburgh, and its success in the provinces is insured by a new scheme of making payment for seats by instalment vouchers through a Young People's Opera Circle in the provincial cities. By this means, people who during a week's or fortnight's season would not be able to afford to go more than once or twice are enabled to hear two, three or more operas while they have the chance. It is a very useful method of enabling the potential public to hear all or most of the operas in the company's repertory.

The Sadler's Wells theatre, which has received various additions and improvements as a memorial to Lilian Baylis, opened on Monday, October 17th, with Verdi's *Aïda*, and on Wednesday, October 19th, *Faust* was given, with the full ballet. Sadler's Wells now possesses an advantage over most opera houses in its possession of a splendid modern ballet company. This enables it to present a number of operas with a completeness not possible elsewhere in England. Once when I was asking Mr. John Christie why he did not put on Mozart's *Idomeneo* at Glyndebourne he said that the ballet was one of the difficulties, so perhaps the Sadler's Wells management will consider the possibility of producing *Idomeneo* one day. There are other difficulties but they should not prove insurmountable. It is certain that the way to prosperity, as well as the right artistic policy for Sadler's Wells, is not to slacken in its enterprise. It was its production of *Boris Godounov* which won praise and congratulation from Toscanini, and one of my most vivid memories of opera at Sadler's Wells is its production some time ago of Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin*, an opera which is not only a masterpiece of its kind but one which none of the syndicates responsible for opera at Covent Garden has ever had the courage and enterprise to put on. Such a theatre as Sadler's Wells must add to its standard repertory and the management must not be discouraged by a seeming half-hearted response on the part of its public. Operas grow popular with familiarity and new works must be kept resolutely in the repertory to give them a chance to win their public. This is one of the reasons why established and endowed theatres are absolutely indispensable to any serious achievement. I know of hardly one popular opera which was successful on its first appearance. Nearly all the great public favourites made their way slowly into popularity, and some of them were complete failures when first produced as, for example, *Carmen*.

It ought to be possible to win a permanent following for several of Gluck's operas, for Tchaikovsky's *Queen of Spades* as well as *Eugene Onegin*, for Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini* and *Béatrice et Bénédict* and for a number of other works. It looks as if *Don Giovanni* had already established itself; it is being given for the first time this season on Friday, October 28th, but *Falstaff* does not appear in the list of the first eight operas. I hope, however, that the management is going to persist with *Falstaff*, the last act of which is one of the finest things in all opera. To perform works such as I have mentioned is to make Sadler's Wells a Mecca for musicians. To establish them in its repertory is a great cultural achievement.

W. J. TURNER

# THE MOVIES

**"Sixty Glorious Years," at the Odeon**
**"Too Hot To Handle," at the Empire**
**"St. Martin's Lane," at the Carlton**

IT is difficult to understand the praise which, even in the most respectable press, has been showered upon *Sixty Glorious Years*. Anybody who possesses even a small acquaintance with the history and personalities of the nineteenth century must recognise that the thing is a travesty of the truth. It is a pity Mr. Wilcox did not make use of Mr. Laurence Housman, whose Victorian playlets, though a trifle *couleur de rose*, do show a real sense of the persons and issues involved. Pamela Stanley, too, could have given Anna Neagle a tip or two about the appearance and manner of the young Queen. When we make her acquaintance in the film her eyebrows are plucked and her lips smeared with paint in a way that would have horrified Lehzen. Later on, it is true, she makes amends with a fairly credible old woman, but in early widowhood she is still a deal too slim. Her manner, to Peel, the Duke and her husband, is alternately pert and roguish, but seldom that of a lady. Worse, however, than giving sex appeal to the Queen is the blunder of attributing to the earnest Prince Consort a nice, almost Lubitschian sense of humour. What noveletish nonsense this makes of the scenes between the two can be imagined. As regards Victoria herself things improve, and her final scenes are almost moving; but this gain is offset by the ludicrous inadequacy of the portraits of political figures in the latter part of her reign. It is significant, in these days, that a widespread and grossly inaccurate view of history should be disseminated by showing Gladstone simply as the man who left Gordon to his fate, Disraeli as the man who bought the Suez Canal for England. Apparently Sir Robert Vansittart, who has not been so busy lately, is responsible for some of the dialogue; it only goes to show how rare it is for any intellectual talent, however vigorous, to survive

under the arc lamps of Hollywood or Denham. It is difficult to believe that neither he nor Mr. Miles Malleson could have invented anything better for Balfour, Chamberlain and Asquith than the naive and stilted sentiments put into their mouths at the time of the Queen's death. What interest the film affords to the eye derives from the liberal use (by permission) of the royal interiors of Osborne, Balmoral and Buckingham Palace; as for the royal exteriors—well the film is in technicolor, which is to say that the river-beds of the Highlands are filled with violet ink. They are certainly Sixty Highly Coloured Years.

*Too Hot to Handle* is a fantastically bad, but exciting, film glorifying the life of the shameless newsreel hound. It is less embarrassing to see them faking "authentic bombing thrills from China" than to have to listen, somewhere around the middle, to Clark Gable shyly defending the ethics of the thing to the rather shocked Myrna Loy. This is one of the nastiest pieces of movie morality I have lately encountered.

*St. Martin's Lane* is a study of the lives of street performers, excellently photographed and notable for a small, brilliant sketch by Maire O'Neill and for one of Charles Laughton's full-length, rich, spontaneous character studies. With such a theme and such players it is a pity Miss Clemence Dane could not have provided a more solid and less sentimental anecdote. A street waif (Vivien Leigh) becomes a stage star and forgets the troupe of buskers who gave her her first chance; their leader, lost without her, takes to drink and fraudulent impersonation; in the end he puts a brave face on it, and there he is, back on the pavement again, singing the same old song, ever so cheery.

PETER GALWAY

## PLAYS AND PICTURES

### "Hamlet," at the Old Vic

Mr. Tyrone Guthrie's new production of *Hamlet* has many points of exceptional interest. His aim has not been to modernise the play, but to throw into relief its prophetic truth by making it dateless. Thus the outstanding feature is not the modernity of the costumes and scenery, but the imaginative force of the artist, Mr. Robert Furse, who designed them. The settings are, without exception, magnificent, and worth a special visit to see. The production is consistently good, and a performance of this kind is an education as well as an entertainment. But apart from its own magnificence this play will continue to live as a vehicle to make, mar or enhance the reputation of any actor who has the ambition and essential qualifications to play the name-part. Mr. Alec Guinness's Hamlet is, in many ways, disappointing; but at the same time his reputation is enhanced by a brilliant piece of acting. It is an impulsive, almost impetuous, Hamlet, and only during the long soliloquies do we see him wrapped up in the cloud of his reflections. It fails principally in such scenes as the accidental murder of Polonius, whence his impetuosity leaves no sign of the burning conflict within him. There is often a severity, approaching to virulence, in his speech which hardly conveys the Hamlet whose ruling passion is to think, not to act. The effect of this impetuosity was admirable in the funeral scene when he leapt into the grave exclaiming "'Tis I, Hamlet, the Dane!" Miss Hermione Hannen gave a moving performance as Ophelia, and Miss Veronica Turleigh's Gertrude was finely inspired. Mr. Anthony Quayle spoilt an admirable piece of acting by occasional bad delivery. Mr. O. B. Clarence's Polonius was almost too authentic a bore, and Mr. Malcolm Keen's Ghost seemed very tired of Eternity. Mr. Andrew Cruickshank made a rather pompous Claudius who was admirably suited to his surroundings.

### "When We Are Married," at the St. Martin's.

Three pillars of Yorkshire respectability are celebrating their joint silver wedding. The entry of the sextet is a notable theatrical moment. Broadcloth, watch-chains, alberts, blue satin, maroon velvet, lace trimmings, port, mahogany and plush: the sheer solidity of the spectacle is exhilarating as well as amusing. Then the men discover that the parson who married them was improperly qualified for the job; during twenty-five years they have been living in—something Cleckleywike would prefer not to name, even to think of. It is an Ibsen situation seen through the wrong end of the telescope; Mr. Priestley intends no more than the farcical puncturing of censorious self-complacency, and so well does he know these prosperous narrow-minded chapel-goers that the first act is wholly delightful. But what is left for Acts 2 and 3? In Act 2 the women learn of their shame; Act 3 is devoted, first to the effect of the discovery on the supposedly happy couples, then to the inevitable discovery that they *are* married after all. To fill things out Mr. Priestley throws in a drunken press-photographer played by Mr. Pettingell as an old-style heavy comic in a make-up extremely like G. K. Chesterton: a piece of acting in the grand manner which it does one good to see. Indeed the whole play is jam for actors, and the silver wedding sextet have the time of their lives; Lloyd Pearson and Ethel Coleridge, it is true, overdo things a little, but in compensation Raymond Huntley, as a dreary, stingy Councillor, and Helena Pickard as his repressed wife, give two beautifully studied performances which would need very little revision if the piece were really signed by Ibsen. But not even they, and all Mr. Priestley's ready command of laughter, can conceal the fact that this is essentially a one-acter padded out into three.

### "Private History," at the Gate.

Not even at the Gate, perhaps, can one discuss without certain evasions so uncomfortable a subject as public school homosexuality; and probably Mr. Courage has not written altogether the play he would have liked to write. School affairs are of three sorts: (*a*) impure and unromantic, (*b*) impure and romantic, (*c*) pure and romantic. All these classes shade into one another, and (*a*) and (*c*) are more frequent than (*b*), but few schoolmasters think of (*c*) as a serious problem, and certainly no schoolmaster would consider an affair of this sort to be proper cause for expulsion. Mr. Courage's hero has a very pure crush on a younger boy in another house; he writes sonnets to him and keeps his photo in his locker, and they go together for unexceptionable walks in the woods. If schoolmasters started expelling boys on such grounds as these, they would soon begin to feel the draught themselves. In order, so to speak, to qualify his hero for at any rate the threat of expulsion, Mr. Courage complicates the

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issue by introducing a personal feud between the boy's housemaster (human and friendly) and his headmaster (hostile and inhuman). The scene between these two is excellently written (and by Raymond Lovell alarmingly well played), but it throws light not on the central situation but on the cross-currents of school politics which are essentially the same as the internal politics of any office or institution. As a result of their clash, the housemaster is forced to resign, and the boy, though no longer threatened with expulsion, persuades his mother to remove him from the school. None of the women with whom he has come into contact have shown him the slightest sympathy; he is cold-shouldered by his mother, by his housemaster's wife, and by the pretty flapper whom he has just met. Consequently he turns for comfort to his own sex, and a prologue and epilogue show the undesirable sequel in a cottage in Cornwall seven years later. The play shows some awkwardness in the telescoping of incident; for example, the budding attraction between the boy and the flapper develops with the startling rapidity of a nature film. But at least two of its scenes are completely successful: the headmaster episode already mentioned, and the whole of the first act in the prefect's study. Basil Coleman was good in the extremely difficult part of the hero, and among the boys Kenneth Morgan was the cynical school gossip to the life.

### "Goodness, How Sad!" at the Vaudeville

Mr. Robert Morley has written a light refreshing little comedy in which the young heroine is taught the difference between love and lust. This play has the sure touch of an actor-dramatist, and jogs merrily along rails already laid down by the plot. The action takes place in the sitting-room of a theatrical boarding house in the Midlands. It is a dreary establishment with its full complement of aspidistras and ornaments, ruled over with ruthless economy by the anaemic Mrs. Priskin. Carol and Christine, two young actresses, are playing to empty houses in the local repertory company, while Mr. and Mrs. Angst, the proud owners of performing seals, are equally unsuccessful at the music-hall. Fear is added to their worries by the mysterious behaviour of Mrs. Priskin's fifth boarder—a man who is rarely seen by daylight. But this recluse turns out to be Robert Maine, a famous screen star, who is anxious to avoid publicity. Carol, attracted by his good looks and personality, falls in love with him, and in return he decides to save the repertory company from financial collapse by making a personal appearance. This results in enormous success for the theatre and a double bed for Robert and Carol. The play ends with Robert's return to Hollywood, leaving Carol and the rest of the company to carry on. The standard of acting was exceptionally high. Miss Mary Merrall, as Mrs. Priskin, was rewarded with the loudest applause. There was an amusing character-creation by Mr. Arthur Hambling as the seal-trainer, and Miss Kathleen Boutall was excellent as his vulgar little wife. The part of the film star was played by Mr. Hugh Sinclair with commendable restraint. Miss Jill Furse displayed exceptional talent as Carol, and delivered an amusing diatribe against Hollywood with admirable effect.

### The Tate Gallery

A thinly populated country with a rigorous climate, Canada is unfortunately situated for the production of the visual arts. But the Tate exhibition of Canadian paintings makes us suspect the wisdom of its organisers. Possibly there may be less conventional painters in Canada who for some reason are not shown; quite certainly there are pictures here too worthless to represent a Dominion or to hang in a public gallery. A smaller exhibition must have made a less disappointing effect. Apart from a charming XVIIIth century portrait of a coloured girl, much the best works are by a sensitive and accomplished artist called Morris. Considerably depressed by this exhibition, we found some surprising consolations in two rooms that have been very skilfully rehung by the new Director of the Tate. For years a number of excellent pictures by living English artists have been concealed in the cellars of the Gallery, while the walls have been plastered with the offerings of the Chantrey Bequest—works most of which can interest only historians, psychiatrists and the illiterate. Modern English painting is in these two rooms remarkably well represented, owing largely to the gifts of the Contemporary Art Society. No single school has been given a preference; there are good specimens of every type of serious modern art. The effect made is extremely invigorating, and for the first time the Tate Gallery is beginning to fulfil its proper functions. Is there any hope that soon we may have an additional room of contemporary pictures? English painting is to-day incomparably better than it has been for over a hundred years, but if our younger painters are not kept alive there will in the twenty-first century be very little twentieth century art. Sir Luke Fildes and Sir Frank Dicksee are dead and do not require encouragement, but it should be the aim of the Tate to guide the public by showing the work of all serious living painters in the country.

### Van Dongen at Rosenberg and Helft. Vivian Pitchforth at Wildensteins.

Thirty years ago one of the most prominent painters of the new post-Impressionist School was a young Dutchman; and discerning admirers of Matisse and Picasso were usually not content till their collections contained pictures also by Van Dongen. To-day the visitor to this exhibition is likely to wonder how this artist ever achieved so high a reputation. Obviously he is a very gifted man—at his best he can paint with the *bravura* and decision of Augustus John. But he is not so much the Matisse of Holland as the Zinkeisen. The early picture in this show is very charming, and a later painting of a bird in a cage is elegant enough. But too usually his pictures are lacking in taste to a distressing degree, and his work seems fashionable in the worst sense. It dates accordingly, and if these pictures have any future it is likely to be in a period room designed to illustrate the years immediately before the war.

Mr. Pitchforth's watercolours display a most brilliant use of the medium. An honourable as well as a highly skilful painter, he fails to excite enthusiasm, owing, it seems, to a lack of intensity in his vision. He is happiest in painting the still waters of estuaries—a subject to which watercolour particularly lends itself. Paintings like *Pagglesham Creek* and *River Swale* continue an important tradition of the English School, and successfully communicate the artist's pleasure in observing and recounting appearances. Mr. Pitchforth, can put a river in paint, though he seems unlikely to set the Thames on fire. His accomplishment is very exact and creditable.

## THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, October 22nd—
- Central London Left Book Club Dance, Scottish Corporation Hall, Fetter Lane. Tickets 1s. 6d.

SUNDAY, October 23rd—
- Labour Conference to discuss Spanish Policy. Speakers include Sir Charles Trevelyan and Spanish Delegates, Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, 10.30 and 2.30.
- W. B. Curry: "The Problem of Freewill," Conway Hall, 11.
- John Katz: "Why Not an Ideology for Englishmen?" 153 Finchley Road, 6.15.

MONDAY, October 24th—
- Leonard Barnes: "Condition of the People in the Colonial Empire," Caxton Hall, 8.
- Blech String Quartet, 153 Finchley Road, 8.15. Tickets from HAM 3889. Proceeds for Spanish Relief.

TUESDAY, October 25th—
- Ben Greene: "Democracy and Pacifism," Friends House, 1.20.
- P.P.U. (City of London Group) Meeting. Speakers: Lord Ponsonby and Mrs. E. Pethick-Lawrence, Memorial Hall, 6.45.
- Prof. J. B. S. Haldane: "Is Darwinism Dead?" Conway Hall, 7.
- "Oscar Wilde," Arts.
- "A Party for Christmas," Haymarket.

WEDNESDAY, October 26th—
- First of Course of Six Lectures on "Feminine Development," by Barbara Low, 153 Finchley Road, 4.
- Hampstead Labour Party Public Meeting, Town Hall, 8.
- B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

THURSDAY, October 27th—
- Opening of Antique Dealers' Fair and Exhibition, Grosvenor House.
- Mrs. Kathleen Taylor: "Land and Liberty in Soviet Russia," 34 Knightrider Street, E.C.4, 7.
- Miss Marion Richardson: Lantern Lecture, "Children's Drawings," Hillcroft College, Surbiton, 8.
- Wickham Steed: "A New Technique of Conquest," Friends House, 8.30.
- Sibelius Festival Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

FRIDAY, October 28th—
- National Conference on "War Preparation and Democratic Liberties," University College, 7.30. And on October 29th at 10.15. Tickets from National Peace Council.
- S.C.R. Reunion. Speakers: John Jagger and Beatrice King. Films, Refreshments, Dancing. Tickets 3s. 6d.
- Prof. John MacMurray: "The Aesthetic Function in Socialist Construction," 9 Great Newport Street, 8.

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# Current Literature

## BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE conditions of human existence have been changing so fast in the last hundred and fifty years that each generation has had reason to think itself different from each of its predecessors, and to congratulate itself on having achieved a sort of final originality merely because it has been confronted with new problems. The patient historian could find evidence that every twenty years onward from about the year 1800, each set of young people has believed itself to have broken drastically with the past and to be the first representatives of a new order. The conviction of breaking with the past is invariably, perhaps necessarily, accompanied by that of being closely linked with the future. Some sense of social continuity is essential to everyone, and if we think we have escaped our parents' errors it is only reasonable to suppose that our children cannot do better than accept our views of the truth. Since they are new, they must be more important than those which they have displaced. Each generation thus persuades itself that it has the noble task of marking out the foundations of the future and of providing the plan which industrious posterity will execute. Such a happy illusion of being the founders, or forerunners, of a new world order is not easily disturbed, since it is the flattering consolation which reconciles us to great changes. When it is got rid of, the belief in great changes usually goes with it, and the successive generations of mankind are seen as endless waves, rising and falling and breaking upon the same ancient rocks upon the beach. Works of art more than anything lead us to believe in the unchanging nature of our ideas and feelings. Thus, though everyone knows that mankind has altered since the days of ancient Athens, and even since those of King James I, it was difficult to remember it while watching the open-air performance of the *Lysistrata* this summer in Regent's Park, or that of *Troilus and Cressida* in modern dress at the Westminster Theatre last week. Both plays were as topical as Spender's *Trial of a Judge*, acted last winter, and exactly expressed the political distress of the audiences watching them. Each of the three plays appeared to have been written for the same audience, suffering from living in the same world full of the same evils. That Thersites should be saying of Ajax and Achilles what we all feel of Göring and Mussolini is uncanny. It is natural to conclude that nothing changes, except the ways in which men kill each other.

* * *

One illusion of the present is that of a new "proletarian literature." But working people have always been prolific story-tellers and writers. There have always been stories of low life as well as of high life. The more realistic such stories are, the greater the likeness between them. Edward Hibbitt, whose first book was *The Brittlesnaps*, is a pure realist. Indeed, I know of no one writing to-day who gives a more truthful picture of the English working class. His characters are workers of the respectable artisan type. They are not the inhabitants of the slums, but of the endless rows of little filthy houses, with their doorsteps scrubbed white, and a fern hanging between the parlour curtains. Hibbitt will not let his readers forget for a moment that the working class is socially

> stratified almost as clearly as the geological strata, a section of which one might see in the natural history of the local museum.

In his new novel *Lowtown* (Duckworth, 7*s*. 6*d*.) both Lowtown and Hightown are completely working class, because the middle classes have moved out of the town altogether. But the social differences between the layers are enormous. And each class

> though aware of many stages of society above theirs, managed somehow to associate themselves with these *better* people on a basis of equality, yet to draw a line immediately beneath themselves, and to say: "We have a kinship with those above, but none with those below."

One may call this snobbery, but the explanation is simply that the poorer people are, the more class distinctions become identical with those which are essential to self-respect. In the last resort the luxury of despising your neighbour is replaced by the cultural necessity of avoiding his vermin.

* * *

Mr. Hibbitt's hero Albert belongs to Lowtown and tries desperately, but without success, to better himself. The secondary school leads only to a succession of paltry jobs. The one thing which matters to him is to achieve greater independence than his father, whose rumbling stomach threatens to throw him and his family into destitution at any moment. Father's stomach provides a windy accompaniment, as of the trombone, to all Albert's aspirations and disappointments. The story of *Lowtown* is that of the spiritual journey of a young man of the working class in an industrial town. Yet the book is more than this: there is a charm in the quiet writing, a combination of skill and *gaucherie* reminding one of the family groups drawn by the *douanier* Rousseau. One is never in his father's presence without being aware of the carefully brushed "quiff" of hair, the carefully tended suit of clothes, and a fear of the uncomfortable truths brought out at the wrong moment. He tells his son the exact details of mother's illness, and long-windedly broadcasts the details of his digestion. Yet one likes him, even respects him, and feels pity for him in his second marriage.

> About this time Albert's father was married. The woman to whom he was engaged seemed in every way suited to be the wife of an elderly widower. She was about thirty-five years of age, a big woman, swaying as she walked perhaps because of her bulk. She wore spectacles and had a hard bawling voice.

* * *

There is a curious resemblance between *Lowtown* and *Mark Rutherford's Deliverance*. Indeed Mr. Hibbitt is far more like Mark Rutherford than he is like any living proletarian writer I know. The social stratum described is slightly different: but the earnest search for love in sex relations and faith in religious experience provides the theme of each. And this closeness shows how near the generations are to each other, and in what ways social changes have made the angle of approach to the old problems different. Experiments in both love and religion have become easier to make. Also sex is far easier to write about. The voice of a shocked society is absent from *Lowtown*. It is formidable in Mark Rutherford. As a result the chances of securing happiness in love seem to have increased, as women have become more independent, while the chances of finding happiness in a religion have diminished. Mr. Hibbitt describes poverty extraordinarily well, and without sentimentality. When Albert is unemployed he is not particularly unhappy unless people sympathise with him, or treat him as though he were different from themselves. In summer his load is light: he absorbs the sunlight and reads prolifically, and his soul and intellectual curiosity stir within him. It is when he falls in love that unemployment reduces him to unutterable despair. His frayed patched trousers, the lack of the price of the cheapest seat in the cinema, or of a penny or two for ices or a tram mean that he is shut off from approach to the girl. The short descriptions of Albert's love and despair are intensely moving. When work comes it appears a special miracle and he becomes more and more religious. The search for love and for the right way to worship drives him from one girl and one chapel to another. But deliverance comes from the realisation of the indifference of the churches to the conditions in which children are allowed to grow up. He becomes a materialist, then a Socialist, but his temperament remains that of a religious man. Not only Albert and his father, but all the minor characters are alive. *Lowtown* is a picture of working-class life which I most strongly recommend.

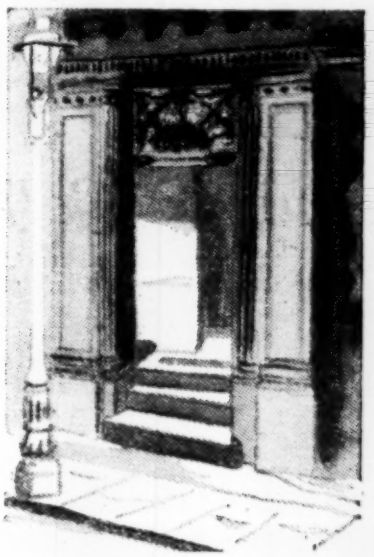
DAVID GARNETT

# THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

**The Week-end Review**

AUTUMN BOOKS SUPPLEMENT

**SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1938**

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## CONTENTS

TO G. LOWES DICKINSON. By R. C. Trevelyan . *Page* 615
REVIEWS:
A First-Rate Series. By C. E. M. Joad . . . . 616
Heaven in the Himalayas. By Peter Quennell . . 616
Seekers. By K. John . . . . . 618
A Century of British Philosophy. By J. M. Hone . 620
The Marian Émigrés. By A. L. Rowse . . . . 622
Whiteley. By Leonard Woolf . . . . . 624
Sir H. Grierson's Scott. By Donald Carswell. . . 626
Joke-English. By John Betjeman . . . . . 628
A Writer, A Hiker and A Bicyclist. By Geoffrey Parsons 628
More Little Gidding. By Rose Macaulay . . . 630
Four Writers in Zion. By Eric Estorick . . . 632
Mental Defectives. By Cecil Gordon . . . . 634
SELECTED LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS . . . . 638

# TO G. LOWES DICKINSON

FROM a sleepless bed arising
Alone into the freshness of the dawn
And the stillness of the trees I wander forth.
The tender beech-leaves with down still are fringed;
Delicate azaleas and proud rhododendrons
Contend in joyous discords; and below
Bluebells in misty lakes of azure glow.
Somewhere a cuckoo is calling, a dove cooing,
His wild refrain a thrush renewing.
A paradise it seems
Of birds and trees and flowers, by man untroubled,
Of its own beauty in tranquil rapture dreaming.

Alone—where we so often walked together!
Alone—yet by my side ever the thought of you!
In each familiar place
I seem to hear your voice, to see your face—
In vain!
For what else can it be but grief to know
That never may I listen to your talk,
Nor ever watch
Your smile again?

How gladly now,
Rebellious against stern Reason's probity,
Would I think well of Death, and rather trust
Fondly believing myths and dreams,
As though his scythe cannot be what it seems,
As though it must
Be but a kindly surgeon's knife
That slays not but strips bare the soul for some new life.

Might I not then fancy
That you, who were their lover once, are now
Changed to the Guardian Spirit of these woods,
Haunting still at cool dusk and dawn
Their fragrant glooms and flowery solitudes?
And so here, at the turning of a path,
Meeting and greeting like scarce-parted friends,
Lovingly we might fall once more
Into such talk as we were wont to unburden
Heart and mind withal so oft before.

And when before of you and of your wisdom
Was ever such need mine? For since you died,
What else has time brought forth
Save evil upon worse evil,
Which your foreboding spirit had divined?

Could you but hear me, I would ask you now:
Tell me, friend, you the wisest of us all,
Tell me, is there indeed
No hope, no respite left for Man's doomed seed?
Will this black night of terrors have no dawn?
Must anger and hatred, cruelty and greed
For ever nest and gender within his heart,
Degrading him at length
To something lower and baser than a beast?
Must all that was so precious to us perish,
A prey to brutal pride and stupid strength?

Yet surely not by nature is Man evil:
Such was your faith; therefore in Reason's truth
And wise Persuasion's charm
Still did you put your trust;
Still by words calm and bold inspire our youth
With charity and courage to be just.

Yours was no doctrine subtle and remote,
No popular gospel, or transcendental creed,
But the plain verity that we, being men,
Must learn the wisdom of humanity;
And that, if happiness be our primal need,
Then must we first regard all humankind
As one great brotherhood,
Stablishing so on earth goodwill and peace,
Till all those jealous anarchies shall cease
That still estrange our souls from their true good.

And what that good might be, none could have taught us
So well as you. Not always was your heart
Listening for the world's misery, but still
Had leisure for the art
And gaiety of life, and friendship's joy or pain.
For to your spirit friendship was like rain
To thirsty leaf and root,
Quickening the green boughs to flower and fruit.

Dear to you was this world of men, and dear
The beauty of the earth. Love was the air
You breathed, the universal element
Fostering your life; and loverlike you knew
Rapture and hope and wistful discontent.
Yet never were you tempted by despair
Into morose rebellion and vain hate
Against that unknown Power, whate'er it be,
Which, blind or intelligent,
Friendly or indifferent,
Controls the flux of things, and human fate.

The morning of that last day
I came to your bedside, and found you gay
And full of jest and playful kindliness.
Had you foreknown what night would bring with it,
Sure am I you would still have seemed no less
Gay in mood and wise of wit
Than Socrates, while round him his friends wept.
For you, like him, had courage to accept
Whatever must be, and felt no fear to look
Into the eyes of Death,
Curious to know what yet might be beyond,
Though still to truth too faithful to name faith
What was no more than fond
Divining hope. And so, when you were gone,
We mourned not overmuch; for some amends
It made us that in you we had known one
Who so had lived that he could give us hope
Of what men yet might be, O best of friends.

R. C. TREVELYAN

## A FIRST-RATE SERIES

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There are some who look down on popular handbooks. These are intellectual snobs, unaware of the disability of twentieth century man, who can no longer afford to be truly cultivated. In the centuries succeeding the Renaissance, men took all learning for their province. Leonardo, for example, was not only a painter, but an engineer, an inventor, and a mathematician; Descartes was a philosopher, a mathematician, and a scientist; Voltaire performed experiments in his laboratory at Ferney; Hume was an historian. As late as the end of the eighteenth century a man could still be on familiar terms with all the learning and literature of his time, and country gentlemen, animated by the spirit of unhurried and liberal enquiry, and released from the more urgent imperatives of earning and doing, laid the foundations of science, erected standards of intellectual integrity, and established the canons of scholarship and taste. They were truly cultivated men because they took the whole world of knowledge and beauty for their province.

"Cultivation" in this sense is no longer possible to us. To master a single branch of the knowledge that exists is to-day a life's work, so that a man is faced with the choice between being a specialist in one sphere and a dilettante in several. For most of us the choice is determined in favour of specialisation by considerations over which we have no control. We must, after all, earn our living, and so let us be grateful to popular handbooks which, for a couple of shillings, are prepared to give us in a few hours a nodding acquaintance with subjects to which we should otherwise have remained strangers. Let us, I say, be grateful to them, whether we are poor illiterates seeking to make good something of the loss inflicted upon us by mis-education in our youth, or well-to-do literates who, sojourning normally in one or more clearly defined provinces of the mind, should be glad of the opportunity of a little tourist travel under competent guidance into territories hitherto unvisited: wherefore I for one extend a hearty welcome to the Nelson Discussion books, which are strongly bound, decently printed, competently written, and willing and able, in the space of 170 short pages, to tell us in non-technical language what is what. Not a single one of those that I have read is boring. On the contrary, they are light-handed and vigorous dissertations written by men sufficiently master of their subject to be at play with it, in which delight is mingled with instruction. A list of thirty is announced, and more are to follow. If I might make one suggestion, it is this: most of the twelve already issued have indexes, nearly all bibliographies; they should, I think, be uniform in this respect, and each should contain both index and bibliography.

None conforms more completely to the requirements I have indicated than Professor Lloyd James's *Our Spoken Language*. Its purpose is described by the author as being "to describe in simple untechnical language some of the facts of speech." There are chapters on the origin and use of language, on learning to speak, on the mechanism of speech—a first-rate chapter this last, describing in plain language all the physical and physiological factors involved in the production of those sounds which we call talking—on melody and on accent in speech, and on the criteria of good speech. These in Professor Lloyd James's view are three: intelligibility—a man's speech must be such as to be quickly and easily understood; social—it must conform to the accepted usage of society; and æsthetic—it must be "recognisable as a thing of beauty." In the course of his survey Professor Lloyd James contrives to make a number of interesting points. For example, language is a limitation of speech. We are born with a faculty for making almost infinitely varied sounds; to learn a language is to confine ourselves to making only a tiny proportion of the sounds which we could have made, and to lose through disuse the capacity for making the others. For some centuries after the invention of printing, the use of the written word superseded the spoken. Now, gramophone, telephone, the talkies and, above all, broadcasting, are combining to return the primacy to the spoken. Hence arises the need for a new policy in regard to speech, and a greater insistence upon its right production. Hitherto our attitude has been pre-scientific; or, as Professor Lloyd James puts it, magical. It is an attitude "compounded of ignorance and superstition, of taboo and fetish. Magic still holds the field in language, as it once did in the realm of science." Thus, while we all know how we look, none of us, except the few who are so unfortunate as to hear their voices on the talkies or the gramophone, knows how he sounds. If he did, he would not sound as he does. The coming of a scientific attitude to speech is likely to result in greater standardisation; local dialects are already becoming an anachronism, and tending to disappear. Professor Lloyd James is a pioneer in what for most of us is untilled territory. Apart from their intrinsic interest, the considerations brought forward in his book have, for the ordinary reader, all the excitement of novelty.

Mr. Lambert has written a first-rate book on propaganda. The reader no doubt vaguely knows that the power of propaganda in the world is great; knows also that it is growing. To this knowledge Mr. Lambert gives point and precision, and the reader ends by realising that propaganda is a greater force even than he had supposed, that new sources are being tapped every day, and that the future possibilities are inexhaustible and horrifying. The main point about propaganda is its fundamental amorality. Mr. Lambert quotes Dr. Goebbels to the effect that "the question of propaganda is not whether it is on the right level, but whether it attains its end." The Dictator States have exploited wholly new forms of propaganda, party gatherings, plebiscites, sensational public trials, the creation of imaginary political crises; thus "Moscow has made the trial and shooting of its leading politicians, technicians and generals into a national function, performed regularly every few months. Each time popular hatred is worked up and discharged upon some self-confessed group of scapegoats, drawn from the best educated and most able portion of the community."

Is there, one wants to know, any limit to the power of propaganda? The question is discussed in an admirable chapter on *Antidotes to Propaganda*. You cannot, Mr. Lambert thinks, by propaganda persuade people to believe what is antipathetic to their moral natures. Tradition and habit are also prophylactics, better ones, it seems, than popular education. Individualism, too, acts as a check upon propaganda's worst excesses, Governments finding it easier to "use propaganda as a conscious instrument of government and foreign policy," where, as in Germany, the people are naturally "herd-like." Can a man, one wonders, be so corrupted by propaganda as to be unable to tolerate straight news? Apparently not; at any rate, not yet. The effects of the Foreign Office broadcasts during the crisis, of straight news in Italian and German, apparently surpassed the most sanguine expectations. It was found to be important that the announcer should speak German with an English accent, presumably because nothing spoken in a German accent inspires confidence in German listeners.

Propaganda is also discussed in Professor Pear's book *The Maturing Mind*. I select this book for notice out of the remaining ten that I have left unmentioned, because it is concerned with the question raised by this and similar series; why bother to learn after you are twenty-five years old? Professor Pear's answer broadly is, because learning increases culture and culture is an element in mental maturity. What, then, are the signs of mental maturity? Richness and variety of interests and power of detachment. This is the traditional answer, and I venture to think the right one.

C. E. M. Joad

## HEAVEN IN THE HIMALAYAS

**Himalayan Village.** By Geoffrey Gorer. *Michael Joseph. 25s.*

In certain remote rainy crevices of the Himalayas, opposite the tremendous snow slopes of Kinchenjunga, dwell a tribe to whom travellers through Sikkim and Tibet have often referred as "fairies" or "elves" or "woodland folk." For the Lepchas are secretive and extremely retiring. Conquered three centuries ago by the Tibetans and at that time forcibly converted to Lamaism, they "still retain a more or less integrated culture," and into the Lamaist faith have dovetailed their original Shamanistic practices. With Europeans they have had little or no connection; at present they live under the benevolent and distant suzerainty of the Maharajah of Sikkim; but, though a conquered

# PETER DAVIES

## *General*

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race, they have never forfeited their racial identity, and continue to exhibit a remarkable array of native virtues. It is his analysis of these virtues that gives Mr. Geoffrey Gorer's book its peculiar fascination. Mr. Gorer is not a professional anthropologist. That is to say, he set out with no preconceived anthropological theories; but he was attracted to the Lepchas, learned their language and spent several months investigating their customs, because he feels that anthropology may supply "a discipline capable of enabling us to understand our own society"; and, since the chief weakness of our own world is the spirit of aggression and competition that it begets in every sphere, he turned to a culture in which those vices have failed to develop. Surrounded by aggressive and thrusting neighbours, the Lepcha has remained unaggressive and non-competitive. Yet by temperament he is neither poor-spirited nor devoid of energy. Indeed, he is distinguished by his sensual good humour and his love of life.

Somehow the aggressive element has been omitted from his composition. Lepcha society has never achieved the feudal stage; its organisation does not include extremes of wealth and poverty; of government it shows only the simplest traces; while, though lamas and soothsayers are numerous and important, it is by no means priest-ridden. The same tendencies are reflected in personal life. The average Lepcha, by all accounts—both those of Mr. Gorer and of previous writers—is a conspicuously truthful, good-tempered, good-natured person, innocent of avarice, ambition or racial bigotry. He may laugh at his neighbours; but he does not hate, despise or condemn them; and thus, although he is surprised at the existence of prostitution as he has observed it among the Tibetans, because it seems to him very odd and unnatural that anyone should find it necessary to buy sexual pleasure with hard cash, he is not shocked, disgusted or moved to anger. He has no desire to punish or reform his fellows; and, whereas the Anarchist might claim him as a prototype—since he has attained to that state of ideal disassociation to which the Anarchist professes to aspire—the Totalitarian or Christian zealot would denounce him as an outcast. He works hard, enjoys the satisfactions of promiscuous love-making, likes parties and cultivates his garden as best he may.

Yes, the virtues of the Lepchas are many and obvious. But it is a strange and distressing fact that each virtue—and what virtues could shine brighter than kindliness, tolerance, lack of social or sexual jealousy?—seems to be founded upon an intellectual limitation. The Lepcha (we can only conclude, after reading Mr. Gorer's rather stodgily written but perpetually interesting monograph) is friendly, gay, placid, non-acquisitive because in certain respects his mentality has never developed to the full or he has never explored the complete scale of emotional possibilities. Take, for example, his attitude to questions of sex. Jealousy among the Lepchas scarcely exists. There are very definite restrictions on sexual adventure; but these are supplied by a complicated system of incest-tabus and have absolutely no reference to moral sanctions. The list of women, including elder brothers' wives, whom a Lepcha is permitted, or positively encouraged, to sleep with on reaching adolescence, remains remarkably extensive; and, as with the Trobriand islanders described by Dr. Malinowski, allowance is made for a period of sexual experiment in which copulation is sporadic and unreproved. Mr. Gorer, whose researches were at times somewhat hampered by the discovery "that almost every woman from eight to eighty interpreted any sort of attention as an attempt at seduction . . . which . . . they had no intention of repelling," throws a number of amusing sidelights on the apparent oddity of Lepcha sexual life. Said an acquaintance: "If I caught Chimpet (the son of his elder brother Tafoor) sleeping with my wife I shouldn't be cross at all. . . . She would be teaching him how to do it properly and I would know he was in the hands of a good teacher! On the other hand, if I caught a married man, who had a right to sleep with my wife, doing so, I should reproach them for their lack of shame in doing in my presence what might better be done in my absence . . ." The Lepchas are extraordinarily free with sexual jokes. Even the most solemn religious ceremony is accompanied by a cross-fire of salacious witticisms. But, whereas these fortunate mountaineers have escaped alike the miseries of repression and the agonies of sexual jealousy, it is also true that they have no conception of the nature of love. Sexual feeling is an agreeable appetite, easily satisfied. Its emotional by-products can find no place in the Lepcha consciousness.

Similarly, the Lepchas have no idea of sin—"the only act to which the word is commonly applied is to the killing of animals"—with the result that their existence, though possibly more tranquil than that of a European, with his deeply ingrained sense of good and evil, is entirely lacking in moral chiaroscuro. Life must be comparatively flat and undifferentiated. Almost every virtue of which the civilised world can boast springs from some complementary shortcoming; our pleasures and our pains are closely connected; and in such a world as that described by Mr. Gorer there would be an entire absence of the kind of emotional and moral tension that produces the greatest works of Western literature. The Lepcha mind is notably weak in the inventive faculty; story-telling, as far as I can gather from Mr. Gorer's book, is the only art at which they have gained any proficiency; but the story that he transcribes on pages 226 and 227 suggests the kind of anecdote for which we are usually indebted to the London Stock Exchange, since it is at once rather long, slightly hard to follow and extremely indecent. Were the Lepchas more poetic, were their faculties nimbler, the life they lead would be much less reasonable but much more stimulating

As a tract for the times, then, this volume fails. The only general truth I myself have been able to deduce from it is that to be really happy, either as a race or as an individual, one must eschew high hopes, bold plans, immoderately generous or mischievous impulses, catch the six-fifteen home at night and pay one's income-tax regularly. In these conditions, provided one is left alone—as the Lepchas have been left alone in recent centuries by Nepalese, Tibetans and Sikkimese—one may expect to build up a modest suburban paradise behind a privet hedge of matter-of-fact man-of-the-worldliness. Mr. Gorer, nevertheless, perhaps a little disappointed in the results of his investigations among these Himalayan *hommes moyens sensuels*, has devised an interesting theory which attributes the virtues of the Lepcha to the fashion in which he is treated during the impressionable years of childhood. Children are neither made much of nor roughly handled. They are treated with that mixture of consideration and aloofness which, in many instances, appears to suit children best; when they are scolded for being naughty "the emphasis is on the annoyance or work caused to the adult, not on the naughtiness of the child." Social qualities are inculcated always from the point of view of practical convenience; and thus they grow up without exaggerated feelings of anxiety, envy or moral remorse and, at an early age, assume an adult place in the social scheme. Earlier—that is to say, from birth to the age of three or four—they enjoy almost complete protection, and go through life comfortably and safely attached to the backs of guardians and parents; physical wishes are gratified as soon as they occur. "Very young the Lepcha baby learns that social approval is to be obtained, not by self-assertion, but by passivity. The baby's self-maximating efforts are not actively punished, but they are discouraged by indifference; its passivity and conformity are constantly rewarded."

Add to this, that the Lepchas have "a strong sanction against quarrelling" and "have not admitted a single situation in which quarrelling or vengeance-seeking is permissible," that "parents have no role in the sexual life of their children," that "exclusive sexual possession is legally impossible," the younger being favoured at the expense of the elder; and the inducements to rational behaviour becomes even more obvious, till we are surprised that the reserve of Zongu is not heaven on earth and that we ourselves feel so little inclined to make the journey. But Ixion loves his wheel, Prometheus his vulture; we should be lonelier and duller without the glorious tyrants that prey on our entrails. Mr. Gorer's book is as provocative as it is entertaining. I recommend it to every intelligent and thoughtful reader.

Peter Quennell

## SEEKERS

**Separate Star.** By Francis Foster. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
**We Have Been Glad.** By Doris N. Dalglish. *Macmillan.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

*Separate Star* has the advantage of a good word from Professor Joad. "Of very great interest," writes Mr. Joad. "The record of one man's spiritual quest. Warmly to be recommended to those who take an interest in the value of life."

I think it should be a popular book. The world is full of men—and especially of women—who "take an interest in the value of life"; they fell on *God Is My Adventure*, and I don't see why they should neglect *Separate Star*. It provides a wealth of anecdote, and a sufficient dose of high thinking: a spot of prophecy and clairvoyance, a little talk about the atom, an Indian of mystic

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power—in short, all the doings. And it would be good stuff, even with the religion cut out. The author had seen and tried a great deal at an early age; also, he began life as a journalist—he can tell a story.

Religion and the world both attracted him, and his problem was to get them both in. He threw up reporting to enter a theological seminary. He didn't like it, and went back to reporting. Then came the war. He joined up, obtained a commission, and was nearly killed in France while leading a raiding party. These excitements put him off journalism, and he transferred to the Indian Army as a regular. He enjoyed soldiering and responsibility, and plainly he was very good at the job. All this makes capital reading, of a highly secular kind.

But the eternal problems still nagged at him. The first person he had encountered in India was a mysterious sage, who gained his notice by fortune-telling, and then dropped a few spiritual hints. Later these were followed by a lecture on metaphysics. Mr. Foster went broody. During the war, he had become convinced that Christianity was a spent force—"I could not doubt it was spent, for it had been entirely without effect on the men who had fought and suffered and died in France and Flanders." Professing Christians were hypocrites; professing Hindus, Buddhists, Moslems were not. He studied the religion of the Hindus with great sympathy. Then, with apparent inconsequence, he left the army and joined the Roman Catholic Church:

> The conclusion I came to—and which many others have come to—was that, enshrined in the Roman Catholic religion and quite hidden from the majority of Romanists, including perhaps the Pope himself, is the lamp of true knowledge. The vast husk of the Roman Church . . . had a tiny kernel, of the existence of which but few Catholics know.

The religions of the East have the same kernel. But as Mr. Foster was of the West, he ought to seek it in the church of the West.

He sought it vainly, as a Romanist, for six years; after which, he "vomited all the superstition from his mind," and became a free-lance. *We* are the Christ—"and because of that I am a Christian." We have a common duty: to build the kingdom of Heaven on earth:

> How, then, are we to build the Kingdom of Heaven? We are to strive unceasingly and with all our power, despite the Devil of superstition, ignorance and sloth, for the establishment of Love, Beauty and Truth—which three are Truth itself, for which man has sought from the beginning, not realising that Truth is the third of a Trinity, proceeding equally from Love, the Originator, and Beauty, the Child.

It sounds like a full stop. But on the contrary: his next move was to seek ordination from a bishop of the Nestorian Church:

> The validity of the Orders of this Church is not disputed even by Rome. . . . Thus my priesthood is derived through Jesus and Moses from Egypt. . . .
>
> It seemed to me that whereas the validity of my Orders would be of no interest whatever to Protestants and non-Christians, it would be a matter of extreme importance to Catholic-minded people. I must be acceptable to all.

This idea that he has met all requirements—that by wearing a sheepskin he becomes just the same as a sheep—I found rather odd. And he goes on:

> I and my following exist without a label. We have only one special service—the ancient Mass. It is preserved as a sacrament, because bread and wine are the fruit of the earth, which is the child of the sun, which is part of the cosmos, which is the *thinking* of God. . . . And if my people care to think of the consecrated "elements" as the body and blood of Christ—either in the Catholic or in the Protestant sense—I would not object, for indeed they *are* his body and blood. All matter is ultimately the one thing—electricity, which is the energy of God—and since there are no limits to the power of thought, there is no obstacle, save unbelief, to the consecration of these "elements" accordingly.

In matters of practice, it is his way to sit on the fence. "Idealism butters no parsnips. I believe in the idealism of Jesus, but I am a realist. I have faith in evolution, too—it is improbable that Jesus knew anything about that." He regards dictatorship as "anti-Christian and evil," but on the other hand, "liberty is not the right of all . . . until individual people have achieved the Higher Righteousness they have no right whatever to liberty." He would not fight again in such a war as the last—but he is prepared to fight in the next one. Etc.

Mr. Foster is a glutton for work. In his six years as a Catholic he wrote "about fifteen novels, volumes of essays, a technical book and very many articles, short stories and serials, so that I do not suppose I can be accused of having altogether disregarded the material side of life." He takes no money now for his priesthood. One can't help respecting him as a man of action, and he is obviously a man of good will. But I should have thought his spiritual progress was inconsiderable.

*We Have Been Glad* is, by comparison, a dull little book. I found it extremely sympathetic. Miss Dalglish writes of her childhood, her school days at Clapham, her life at Oxford during the war, her depressing bouts of employment and unemployment, her unpublished novels, and the spiritual conflict from which she has emerged a pacifist and a Friend; the events are nothing, but the tone has a crystal candour, a sort of innocent nobility, that made me think of *Aurora Leigh*. It is quite unsophisticated, and therefore easy to smile at. But what a deal of snobbery and humbug there is in sophistication!

Like the author of *Separate Star*, Miss Dalglish went through a struggle to be religious yet honest. She "thirsted for a church"—and for a church that stuck to its creed. ("I believe in dogma rather than in experience. . . . Dogmatic promiscuity must be fatal to spiritual integrity.") Yet in the end she became a Quaker without (apparently) being a Christian; the Quaker method agrees with her, and "so far, I have proceeded no farther than hoping for intellectual honesty, 'but not yet.'" This frankness is surely more pleasing than electrical Christianity, and ingenious interpretations of the Real Presence.

K. John

## A CENTURY OF BRITISH PHILOSOPHY

**A Hundred Years of British Philosophy.** By Rudolf Metz. *Allen and Unwin.* 25*s.*

This substantial work of 800 pages, an encyclopaedia of British philosophy since Hume, is a translation from the German of Dr. Metz of Heidelberg. Before its publication in the original edition, the few works in German which had dealt with the modern developments of British thought were either mere collections of material or rough summaries and sketches. Mill, Darwin and Spencer figured no doubt in all the histories; but very little attention had been given to the complex philosophical happenings in England since the sixties and seventies of the last century. By the translation of the book, in so far as it is a comprehensive characterisation, a gap is also filled in English philosophical literature. The ground covered is certainly immense, hardly a thinker of any importance—none with academical pretension—being excluded from the survey. The work is easily readable and has a human interest, partly because Dr. Metz prefers describing individual thinkers to discussing schools of thought, and partly because his knowledge of his subject is derived from personal contacts as well as from books; here and there he indulges in lively portraiture.

The decisive moments of the story, as Dr. Metz sees it, are the introduction into England of German philosophy from Kant to Hegel in 1865 (the way had been prepared by Coleridge and Carlyle), which produced the Idealist movement from Green to McTaggart, and then, at the beginning of this century, the sudden passing of creative energy to the New Realists, which culminated in the systems of Alexander and Dr. Whitehead. But Dr. Metz has earlier chapters upon the empiricism represented by J. S. Mill, the evolutionary-naturalist school inspired by Darwin (Huxley to Sir James Fraser) and religious philosophy in the first part of the nineteenth century (chiefly Newman), and later ones dealing with the Pragmatists, with the mathematical logics of Cambridge, and with the theological speculations of, among others, Balfour, von Hügel and Inge, the Dean being characterised as "one of the intellectual leaders of the nation." It is interesting to notice that Dr. Metz, so far as he discloses his sympathies, welcomes the decline of the old German influence in the British Universities, and the return to a more native philosophical tradition initiated by G. E. Moore and Bertrand Russell. Twenty years after two Hegelians had produced the Communist Manifesto of 1848, Oxford started upon the task of bringing the study of Hegel's philosophy to a fine art. There was never anything quite so academic. "The neo-Idealist movement has almost come to an end within the last ten years or so," Dr. Metz writes cheerfully. "Inner exhaustion has coincided with a swift succession of losses through death of its ablest leaders . . ." His narrative makes it clear that the failure of such distinguished work as that of Bradley, Bosanquet and McTaggart to become a formative force of the English mentality was in part due to the want of sympathy shown

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by these philosophers for the natural sciences. Stirling, the first apostle of Hegelianism in England, accumulated sarcasms against Darwin; and, in general, the school held that scientific results can contribute nothing to our knowledge of reality. Modern English Realism, on the other hand, laid a strong emphasis on science, used the same method, and indeed presented itself to the public as a movement largely fertilised by mathematics and the more recent developments of physics; it was in this respect a genuine revival of the native philosophical spirit. For this reason Dr. Metz is hard put to it to establish any link between the men of yesterday and those of to-day—to find any continuation of, say, Bradley or McTaggart in contemporary British work. The speculative life of the seventies seems to have passed away and left no trace. It is true, as he says, taking up a point first made by the Hegelian Bosanquet, that such terms as Idealist and Realist have lately lost much of their meaning, and that boundary lines tend to be obliterated. But the Idealism, Gentile's or Croce's, for example, which—this was the theme of Mr. Wyndham Lewis in *Time and Western Man*—merges with the realism of Alexander and of Dr. Whitehead in a common worship of Time and Change—is very different from classical Idealism, with its search for Absolutes, such as Plato's, Spinoza's or even Hegel's, as expounded by Caird or by McTaggart.

Dr. Metz treats recent developments in English philosophy as a whole with the highest respect; but he seems to miss in many of its representatives the contemplative ardour and devotion to a cause which characterised the Idealists from Caird to McTaggart. For instance, he finds a hint of the frivolous in certain aspects of Mr. Bertrand Russell. "Just as he can surprise us by depth and originality of thought, so he can by superficiality . . . true to his convictions but untrue to himself, the type of the cosmopolitan litterateur and journalist." *Mutatis mutandis*, Dr. Metz feels something of the same sort about Mr. Joad, whose production "rather reflects the spiritual restlessness and nervous excitement of the post-war period." Mr. Wittgenstein's *Tractato Logico-Philosophicus*, on the other hand, is "for the ordinary reader a book sealed with seven seals, of which the significance is only to be revealed to the most esoteric devotee, and which embodies a combination of the rigorous mathematical and logical thought and obscure mysticism." The late Samuel Alexander, though author of a "great" metaphysical system, is said to leave a painful impression by his late excursion into theology. "Spencer, whose greatest successor Alexander is in our time, halted before the Absolute in silent humility; his behaviour seems to us to have been more honest, pious and honourable." Finally, no sooner has Dr. Metz stated that Whitehead's philosophy "is one of the highest achievements of British thinking, and may be reckoned on a par with the great classical systems of the past," than he adds that only the future can show whether this judgment of its value is justified! J. M. Hone

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**ARTHUR BARKER**

## THE MARIAN EMIGRES

**The Marian Exiles.** By C. H. Garrett. *Cambridge University Press.* 21s.

This is a specialist study, and as such of considerable value and importance for all students of the sixteenth century. In the course of studying the Puritan opposition under Elizabeth—a very significant strand in the politics of her reign, for it led to a revolution in the next century—Miss Garrett found that the origin of the party was to be looked for in the Protestant emigration under Mary. I think that this had been realised in a vague sort of way by students of Elizabethan history; but Miss Garrett has brought it out into the light of day with great clarity—as we shall see, with rather too much clarity, making the whole thing too clear-cut and precise. But I think that she establishes her main point, and has studied the conditions and the personnel of the emigration with such thoroughness as to make what is really a new and original contribution to Tudor and Puritan history.

The bulk of her book is taken up by a Census of Exiles, brief biographies of some 472 Englishmen who went overseas under Mary and returned later "to constitute the protestant opposition to Elizabeth." Among these were some very important persons; there was Sir Francis Knollys, a cousin of Elizabeth's and later a member of her Privy Council. At Strasbourg, perhaps the most important centre, there were gathered Sir John Cheke, Edward VI's tutor, Sir Peter Carew, Sir Anthony Cooke, Cecil's father-in-law, Edwin Sandys, the future Archbishop of York, among others. Miss Garrett has gone into the careers of all these people and tracked down their activities abroad with admirable zeal, working her passage through the archives at Strasbourg, Aarau, Basle, Geneva and Zürich, material which has been very little used by English historians before. The result is that she has been able to add information at many points to the lives of these persons, and to compile a useful supplement of her own to the Dictionary of National Biography.

We cannot but be grateful for the work she has done. At the same time it would have been better in some ways if she had been content with that and left her new material for better-equipped historians to draw their conclusions from. For Miss Garrett has definitely harmed her book by a tendency which one notices among researchers, particularly American researchers—even the admirable Professor Hotson is very far from free from it—and most of all among American women researchers, to strain and press every bit of evidence to make it more significant than it really is, to make out that the upshot of the researches is something altogether more remarkable and of a general importance which it is not. When Miss Garrett went abroad to look at the Swiss archives—a very good idea in itself, as we recognise—she went, not so much as a researcher, as a "historical detective." Of course if you go in that frame of mind you are bound to discover a plot, or at least smell a rat.

Miss Garrett does both. She finds that "the so-called 'flight' of 1554 was not a flight but a migration, and as such one of the most astute manoeuvres that has ever carried a defeated political party to ultimate power"; that it was all planned by Cecil, and that the various English congregations that gathered overseas were not "isolated settlements due to chance, but units in one carefully devised system"; that the Protestant exodus is to be regarded as "an experiment in religious colonisation: the first to be undertaken by Tudor Englishmen, and the training school for all their later undertakings." Finally the Marian emigration is linked up with the Pilgrim Fathers. "The experience of 1554 bears a prophetic likeness to that of the Puritan Migration of 1630. . . . The crossing of the Channel was, no doubt, a necessary prelude to the crossing of the western seas. . . ." In the same sense, one might add, as the reign of Queen Elizabeth was a necessary prelude to the reign of Queen Anne. All this is very

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DENT

silly and superfluous, where common sense would have been a safe and sound guide. What more natural in the circumstances of Mary's accession than that people who had compromised themselves in the late reign by their forward Protestantism should go abroad? It is what members of defeated parties have done at all times, from the beginning of history. One does not need to suppose something entirely new and epoch-making took place with the Marian emigration, just because it happens to be one's subject of research; there were Protestant exiles under Henry VIII, Catholic exiles under Elizabeth, and emigres from some regime or other in all countries and at all times.

It is a pity that so much damage should have been done to quite an important piece of work by this constant over-emphasis and straining to build up a resounding thesis. For it means that the biographies into which so much work has gone, are by no means wholly reliable. Sir Peter Carew is charged with having betrayed his fellow-exile, Sir John Cheke, to Philip and the English Government upon no evidence whatsoever so far as I can see; Miss Garrett builds up a long story out of nothing (pp. 106–7) and then presents us with it a few pages later as "a fact . . . which admits of little doubt." But there is every doubt about it, and it is rather shocking to charge poor Sir Peter with a crime which is not only unproven but inherently improbable. Nor again, was he sent off to Ireland by Elizabeth as "a safe outlet" for his "hot energies." By then he was an old man, on very agreeable terms with the government, who went to Ireland off his own bat to claim the great Carew inheritance there. This particular biography, an important one, is quite ruined. Another appears, that of Robert King, first Bishop of Oxford, which is wholly mistaken: there is absolutely nothing to show that he was an exile under Mary, and everything against it. He was a conformist, who held his bishopric through the reigns of Henry, Edward and Mary, and dying in her reign was buried happily in his cathedral. He could not possibly have been an exile; Miss Garrett says blithely, "But if Robert King the exile was not Robert King the bishop, we have found no clue to his identity." Well! There are several biographies like this, of people who were not exiles at all.

All this illustrates a point of some general importance: everybody should have his—or particularly her—book read critically by someone else before publication. The absence of this in Miss Garrett's case means that a book containing a great deal of work and new material, can safely be used only by people who are already sixteenth-century experts. The problem may solve itself, however; for it may be only they who will want to read it.

A. L. Rowse


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## WHITELEY

**The Universal Provider: A Study of William Whiteley and the Rise of the London Department Store.**
By Richard S. Lambert. *Harrap.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Lambert is to be congratulated on having discovered a first-rate biographical subject—no easy task when Grub Street is perpetually combing history to find a dead man or woman whose "life" will fill a 10*s.* 6*d.* biography and keep the bored bourgeoisie awake in the wet week-ends of winter—and also on having written a book worthy of his find. His book rises high above the level of the ordinary machine-made biography for library readers. Though it is thoroughly interesting and even amusing to read, it is a serious piece of work, admirably carried out. From the purely biographical point of view, William Whiteley is an admirable subject. His life has the typical Whittington romance of the poor boy rising to the top of the commercial tree, but it has some very peculiar shadows and high lights in it. The Whiteley fires supply the necessary element of mystery and the unexpected end, the murder of the Universal Provider in his own shop before the horrified eyes of his staff and customers, a magnificent climax. Whiteley's psychology was also queerer and more complex than that of the majority of the super-successful business men, the men who begin with nothing and end with millions. He must, like so many of them, have been a man of indomitable will directed to money making and the curious passion for making the large larger. These people collect money, buildings, new departments, branches, railways, banks, customers, much as a small boy collects buttons, railway tickets, stamps or the pictures enclosed in packets of cigarettes. Yet there was in Whiteley something more than this overdeveloped acquisitive instinct which makes the millionaire. He must have had in him a streak of real and rather remarkable imagination. There seems to be little doubt that he conceived the idea of the Universal Provider when still a young penniless man, conceived it imaginatively as an idea, and proceeded to put it into execution with astonishing pertinacity and success, but also always imaginatively. There was always a touch of fantasy in Whiteley's, and it was the fantastic which had an appeal to Mr. Whiteley. It contributed enormously to his success and made it unnecessary for him to advertise, as his competitors did, in the press. Over an iron will, considerable cruelty, and rather sordid "immorality" he built a facade which again shows peculiar imagination, the facade of preternatural benignity and affability, unfailing calm, an apotheosis of whiskered and frockcoated Victorian respectability.

These personal, biographical and psychological aspects of Whiteley's life are dealt with extremely well by Mr. Lambert. One's only regret is that he did not give more space to them. Perhaps the materials are not available, but it would have been interesting to know more and in greater detail of Whiteley's private life. But Mr. Lambert has not been content merely to deal with Whiteley, the man. He has made his book something more than a biography and has thereby immensely increased its value. He has made it also a history of Whiteleys, the emporium or department store, and he has been at very great pains to discover its relation to the growth and development of shop-keeping in Victorian London. He has again done his work extremely well and his book is full of information about this development which is of real social and economic interest. One wishes that he had given even more information about one aspect of Whiteley's business. He deals at some length with conditions of employment in shops and stores generally and in Whiteley in particular. There seems to be good reason for believing that Whiteley, though a very hard employer, was not much better or worse than the general run of his competitors; in some ways he was probably rather better than the average. He was a pioneer of the department store system. That system was typical of the whole middle-class economic system which developed in England during the second half of the nineteenth century. It was the economic paradise of the bourgeoisie. Nothing could be too good for the customer and no profit too high for the "capitalist." The object of all

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industry was cheap goods for the former and high profits for the latter. Just as Whiteley in appearance was the apotheosis of the Victorian super-shopman, so his shop was the apotheosis of the Victorian system of shop-keeping, high profits, cheap goods, and the convenience of the Bayswater or South Kensington middle-class family. The employee was ground pretty small between the upper stone of the employer and the nether stone of the customer. Mr. Lambert gives some interesting figures of the relation between Whiteley's profits and wages bill at different epochs of his development. It is a pity that he did not go deeper into this aspect of his subject. If he had, it would probably have been seen that Whiteley's enormous profits owed as much to his sweated employees as they did to his own business acumen.

Leonard Woolf

## SIR H. GRIERSON'S SCOTT

**Sir Walter Scott, Bart.** A New Life supplementary to and corrective of Lockhart's Biography. By Sir Herbert Grierson. *Constable.* 18*s.*

Sir Herbert Grierson opens his theme with the conventional obeisance to Lockhart, who is "not likely to be superseded or rivalled." With his very next breath, however, he tells us that Lockhart's Scott is "a carefully composed picture in which some features of the original have been omitted, others skilfully softened," and contains in its details "not only much inaccuracy but a somewhat surprising element of what appears to be sheer invention." Further, in his account of Scott's financial disaster Lockhart "allowed his mind to be clouded with prejudice and to be inoculated by Cadell with a false or partial view of the character and conduct of Constable and the Ballantynes." This last is Sir Herbert's mild way of saying what he is later dolefully to demonstrate, viz., that in this crucial matter Lockhart's story is a pack of lies. The charge is by no means a new one. It was first made by James Ballantyne's executors when Lockhart's biography was published. Unable to answer their strictures, Lockhart, *more suo*, retorted with vulgar abuse, his talent for which enabled him to get away with it for the time being. But in recent years the charge has been revived by more than one student of the affairs of the Scott-Ballantyne-Constable syndicate. These unchartered seekers after truth have been duly denounced as vilipenders of Scott. They now have the satisfaction of finding Sir Herbert Grierson hanging out more dirty financial linen from the Abbotsford cupboards than they had ever dreamed of. The task is obviously not to his taste, but conscience compels him, and he goes through with it manfully—though not without tears.

Whether he has approached it in the right way is, to say the least, debatable. If Lockhart is thoroughly untrustworthy, surely the life of Scott should be written wholly afresh in the light of recent research and the great mass of documentary material which Sir Herbert Grierson's own labours have made available? But Sir Herbert doesn't like that idea. It might lead him into paths abhorrent to professional tradition—even into facing the facts about Scott and damning the consequences in a manner that might expose him to the disgusting accusation of trying to be clever:

> I do not feel myself sufficiently superior to Scott to wish to take him down a peg, or to treat him with elegant banter. . . . It is not for the present writer to essay with others to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Strachey. Great brilliance is beyond his power.

Here apparently Sir Herbert is getting at somebody. I wonder who it can be!

A new biography of Scott, written *tabula rasa*, being ruled out, the logical alternative would have been for Sir Herbert to have embodied his new material in a volume of notes and appendices to Lockhart, and a highly entertaining volume it would have made. But instead of that we are given a work that is neither one thing nor another. As a life it is inadequate and so full of ellipses and compressions as often to be barely intelligible to any reader who has not a good working knowledge of Lockhart; while on the other hand, being cast in the form of a life, it is ineffective and confusing as a commentary.

The truth emerges plainly enough that Sir Herbert has not been able to make up his mind about what he wants to do. His case, of course, calls for a certain amount of sympathy. For a pious traditionalist, such as he is, the task of editing Scott's correspondence, with all the collateral research that it involved, must have been a gruelling experience. It was bound to reveal Scott as a much subtler character than the amiable, rather fatuous prodigy of Lockhart's portraiture. In these uncomfortable circumstances, Sir Herbert Grierson has made the usual strategic retreat of the discomfited traditionalist, which is to admit with a great appearance of candour what cannot be denied, to hum and haw over other points that are hard to answer, and to wind up by protesting that after all nothing makes any real difference. This may be very soothing to the orthodox, but it is not honest biography.

A single instance must suffice to illustrate Sir Herbert's passion for wearing blinkers. Of recent years a few writers, led by Dame Una Pope-Hennessy, have raised the question of Scott's literary development and his methods of composition. The traditional story is that, when over forty years of age, and without any previous experience, Scott suddenly began to write long masterpieces of prose fiction, and for the next fifteen years wrote them, not at the rate of one a year, which would have been sufficiently remarkable, but at the rate of two, three and even four a year, which argues miraculous powers. Applying modern critical tests to the Waverley Novels they have remarked unmistakable indications that for many years before the publication of *Waverley* Scott had been trying his hand at fiction and had accumulated a considerable quantity of works in various stages of completion. The existence of a secret stock upon which Scott drew as required would account both for the staggering rapidity of his production and the no less staggering unevenness of its quality. Here is a very curious and serious literary problem which ought to be tackled in a workmanlike fashion. But Sir Herbert will neither tackle it nor leave it alone. He toys with it, vacillates this, that and the other way, and finally in a sudden panic dismisses the whole thing as "a mare's nest." In the case of *Redgauntlet* he admits that he might have been persuaded; but the fact that the extant MS. is "all on paper manufactured by Cowan in 1822" must be taken as conclusive evidence that no part of the work can be of earlier date!

Take another instance. We know now that *The Fair Maid of Perth*, published in 1828, *must* have been written before *The Monastery*, published in 1819, because the former is obviously the work of one who was ludicrously ignorant of Roman Catholic ritual and ecclesiastical antiquities, whereas the latter is knowledgeable, almost learned, in that regard. We also know where

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and when Scott got the learning. It was from the second and standard edition of Fosbroke's *British Monachism*, published in 1817. But Sir Herbert ignores this vital point in the higher criticism of his subject. His book is the product of a closed mind, and so a great opportunity has been lost for reinterpreting Scott in terms that the present generation can understand. Poor Scott! Never was a man of genius so ill served by his posthumous friends.

DONALD CARSWELL

## JOKE-ENGLISH

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I wonder how many readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION light their favourite briars with the aid of an *England's Glory* match? These British-made, West Country matches have a joke printed on the back of every box. Many a hearty laugh have my chums and I enjoyed at their expense. The jokes are written in that special joke-English which prepares you for a smile from the start. "A well-known Bristol angler," begins the joke on the back of the box I have in my pocket at the moment. The local touch is important. "Bristol" helps to make the story vivid. Then "A well-known Bristol angler" is so obviously a more comical character than a little-known Bristol angler.

I had always feared that joke-English was confined to England. I am delighted to discover from *The Speaker's Desk Book*, which was printed and compiled in America, that it is also in use across the Atlantic. It forges one more link, if I may coin a phrase, in the chain of Anglo-American fellowship. Here are 5,000 sparkling epigrams and 1,187 killing anecdotes, many of them almost new. The anecdotes are indexed under subjects so that having regard for my public, I looked up "LITERARY TENDENCIES." Under this title, I was happy to find a story written in a style as assured as that of the writer for *England's Glory*:

> He was engaged to the daughter of a literary man. He was bold as a wooer, but the veriest coward when it came to approaching the fair one's father.

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> So he waited outside the great man's study while the "fayre lady" did the tackling.

Here, the joke-English helps to keep the humour alive. A really good raconteur can imply these quotation marks round "fayre lady" by giving a faint Elizabethan inflexion to his voice:

> In five minutes she was out again, and on her dress was pinned a paper bearing the words "With the author's compliments."

Sometimes the audience does not get the full effect of a side-splitter at once. There is no harm in spinning out the anecdote for as long as possible and emphasising the final point. In dialogue jokes, for instance, you may hammer home the wit with a penultimate or ultimate thud, thus: "Came the reluctant rejoinder," "was the smart reply," "remarked that functionary, sagely."

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> Ladies and Gentlemen.—I remember Ferdinand S. Schenk once told me a very wise thing. "If the Golden Rule is to be preached at all in these days," he said, "when so much of our life is devoted to business, it must be preached specially in its application to the conduct of business" (p. 15). I think we can safely say that the Golden Rule holds together Consolidated Spare Parts, Ltd., and this has been the secret of our Prosperity. As Publius Syrus has it, "Prosperity makes friends, adversity tries them" (p. 213). Let us hope we will never have to give our friends a trial, for "Progress never stands still" (p. 208). I am glad to see a goodly gathering of the fair sex to-night. "Why is it we never hear of a self-made woman?" (p. 283), and that reminds me of a little story I heard the other day. "An elderly man of ultra-convivial habits, but withal learned and bookish, was hailed before the bar of justice in a country town" (etc., continue anecdote 826, p. 505).

And here, readers, I will leave you reaching for the empire wine, your faces wreathed in cigar-smoke and expectant smiles.

JOHN BETJEMAN


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urge to put everything in a suitcase and follow in the author's footsteps; unless, of course, it deals with some unpleasant journey, in which case the reader's reaction should be one of thankfulness that he has been able to make it vicariously. To be outstandingly good the book must describe places and people so vividly and so convincingly that they become part of the reader's experience, almost as much as if he had himself accompanied the author. And that is where we come to John dos Passos, whose book, for its artistry alone, is a real excitement to read. As the title suggests, *Journeys Between Wars* is distressingly topical, and I cannot recommend it as a restorative after the evening papers, for Passos does not mince his horrors. But if you want to know what the wake of a war is like read this, and then tell yourself if the scene would be as living in your memory if you had yourself been in Erivan in the early nineteen-twenties:

> Opposite the station a crumbling brown wall. In the shade of it lie men, children, a woman, bundles of rags that writhe feverishly. We ask someone what's the matter with them. "Nothing, they are dying." A boy almost naked, his filthy skin livid green, staggers out of the station, a bit of bread in his hand, and lurches dizzily towards the wall. There he sinks down, too weak to raise it to his mouth. An old man with a stick in his hand hobbles slowly towards the boy. He has blood-filled eyes that look out through an indescribable mat of hair and beard. He stands over the boy a minute and then, propping himself up with his stick, grabs the bread, and scuttles off round the corner of the station. The boy makes a curious whining noise, but lies back silently without moving, his head resting on a stone. Above the wall, against the violet sky of afternoon, Ararat stands up white and cool and smooth like the vision of another world.

And here is Madrid in 1937:

> I sit up in bed. Again there's the hasty loudening shriek, the cracking roar, the rattle of tiles and a tinkling shatter of glass and granite fragments. . . . The packed city stretches out sharp and still as far as I can see, narrow roofs, smokeless chimneypots, buff-coloured towers with cupolas and the pointed slate spires of seventeenth-century Castile. Again the shriek, the roar, rattle, tinkle of a shell bursting somewhere. . . . It's too early to get up. I try going to bed again, fall asleep to wake almost immediately with the same tight throat, the same heavy feeling in my chest. The shells keep coming in. They are small but they are damn close. Better get dressed. The water's running in the bathroom, though the hot's not on yet. A man feels safe shaving, sniffing the little customary odour of the usual shaving soap in the clean bathroom.

The first of these passages is taken from *Orient Express*, which has already been published elsewhere. The second comes from *Introduction to Civil War*, much of which is now published for the first time; this section gives an unforgettable picture of Government Spain fighting for existence. Passos also describes an earlier visit to Spain, and a journey through Russia in 1928. His deeply felt and constructive sympathy with the people whose miseries he has seen is apparent in every page of Passos' book. A more significant note perhaps is the gathering strength of his disillusion, his growing bitterness against the politicians who allow these things to be, and the final despair which expresses itself in the last page but one of the book:

> How can they win, I was thinking? How can the new world full of confusion and cross-purposes and illusions and dazzled by the mirage of idealistic phrases win against the iron combination of men accustomed to run things who have only one idea binding them together, to hold on to what they've got.

After reading Passos I found it a little difficult to appreciate Mr. Newman, who favours the facetious and calls his bicycle George. He cycled from Holland through Germany, Czechoslovakia and Rumania, to the Soviet Union, taking with him the celebrated "open mind" which is so often declared by travellers to that country. At times the effect of Mr. Newman's reported conversations with Soviet citizens is to make one wonder whether his mind was not so much open as empty. His experiences are related in a gossipy manner which I at least find extremely irritating, and his descriptions of the people he met make them seem more like synthetic "types" than individual personalities. Similar books by the same author have, however, pleased many readers, so it may be that *Journeys Between Wars* has made me hypercritical. But I do not think so.

*Scarred Background* gives a good idea of what it is like to be Mr. Heseltine on a walking tour of Albania. It is a very young, ingenuous and enjoyable thing to be, but rather apt to go to one's head and result in an excessive airing of somewhat muddled theories about such things as the hereditary rights of kings and the undesirability of democracy, when one should be describing the country which is the alleged subject of one's book.

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Two years ago Dr. Blackstone, in an article in the *Times Literary Supplement*, introduced into the long-familiar circle of "Mr. Ferrar and his happy family, who served God day and night" (to quote Izaak Walton), a new, incongruous and termagant figure—Nicholas's sister-in-law, Bathsheba, a recalcitrant member of the godly community of whom we knew nothing, for she has not, these three hundred years, got beyond the few manuscript family letters wherein she raged. Walton knew nothing of her; nor, it would seem, did any of the other extant commentators on Little Gidding; except John Ferrar, who, being her husband, knew all too much, but wrote none of it down in that simple and admiring Life of his brother which was the basis of all subsequent Lives. Now here she is again, bouncing (but much too seldom) in among that virtuous family whose style of life she could not endure, nagging, slandering, storming, being besought by her husband and rebuked by her brother-in-law and treated by all the family with pained and kind surprise and a forbearance of complaint that sadly impoverishes the Ferrar annals. For Bathsheba finds herself all too seldom in the family letters, which lack the rich gossiping discursiveness of (say) the Verney letters, and others of the period; probably they are too one-idead, certainly too little worldly. The selection which Dr. Blackstone prints in this volume is published for the first time from the original letters in Magdalene College Library, and makes a highly interesting and informing addition to the Little Gidding canon—much more informing, as the editor suggests, than John Ferrar's ingenuous monument of fraternal piety. One would have liked to see published with these Susanna Collett's letters now in the Bodleian, most of which have not yet been printed, and many of which must be good reading; Susanna, though high-minded, was not quite so heaven-witted as Nicholas, and no doubt had a more feminine preoccupation with trifles. She may even have vented occasional

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## BASIL BLACKWELL

exasperation against her turbulent sister-in-law, no hint of which flaws the serene piety of her daughters Mary and Anna, the Maiden Sisters. What does emerge from the budget here printed is the unaffected common sense and kindness of this family, a kind of earthly, though not worldly, pleasantness; devout they were, but it did not turn their heads; of humour they show little, but they have proportion; and Nicholas, who must have been magnetically charming (though it does not get across to us, perhaps because he lacked both wit and style), remained unpompous to the end, though hung on by all. And in the background sits the Old Gentlewoman, his mother, dominant and noble, and saying (in these pages) never a word. A nice family, and not smug, though you would think so from *John Inglesant*.

These letters are the most valuable part of Dr. Blackstone's very scholarly book. But it contains also the best version yet printed of John Ferrar's Life of his brother; a version based on Baker's transcription, and pieced out with additions and emendations from various others; and all in a satisfyingly accurate text. I have never seen why we should regret the disappearance of John's manuscript (which Dr. Blackstone, with true Higher Criticism, calls O) when so many contemporaries borrowed it to read and all seem to have copied it, or copied so many different bits of it that the whole can be reconstructed as near as makes no matter. Was it mislaid by a Mr. Jones, a clergyman, in 1769, as Mr. A. L. Maycock seemed in his recent biography to suggest? Dr. Blackstone, on the other hand, seems to attribute to this careless clergyman only the loss of another clergyman's version of the original MS. What appears to me is that O was mislaid or destroyed by the Rev. Mr. Peck. But it matters little, and we shall probably never know, and anyhow there have always been quite enough versions of O going about, for O, having caught contemporary fancy, was a great breeder. Dr. Blackstone has given it now a form which should satisfy anyone, unless it should turn up one day in some Jones, Peck or Ferrar writing-desk and prove that Baker copied it all wrong.

The rest of this volume contains one of those learned and pious dialogues which were this remarkable family's form of parlour game. It is printed for the first time, and called by Dr. Blackstone *The Winding Sheet*, and deservedly, for that is what it is about. It is not very good; not so entertaining as the other Little Gidding dialogues printed some years back. Nicholas made it up (he was not a good writer) and the family said it, taking parts according to their custom. It must have been largely this kind of thing that annoyed Bathsheba so much. Also the habit of reading aloud at meals the little moral tales of which a selection is here given, to hamper conversation. And, no doubt, Nicholas's way of ending a letter to her: "And so my dear sister beseeching God to give you his grace that you may recover yourself out of the snares of the Devil by whom you are led captive at his will, Your Faithful Loving Brother, N. Ferrar."

A delightful family, but scarcely one to marry into. It was better to be born to it.

Rose Macaulay

## FOUR WRITERS IN ZION

**No Ease in Zion.** By T. R. Feiwel. *Secker and Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**Fulfilment in the Promised Land.** By Norman Bentwich. *Soncino Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

**Going Home.** By Ernst Harthern. *Jarrolds.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**Palestine Unveiled.** By Douglas V. Duff. *Blackie.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The lesser wars of our time have flared into a brief limelight, been fought and lost, and already almost forgotten. Like a shroud of death, Fascist silence looms over Abyssinia, the Basque country, Nanking, Vienna, and may soon cover Prague. Only the small, shrill war in Palestine, begun long ago, is still with us and still as ever in the public eye.

The unique complexity of the problem also remains. Here are four books, three by Jews and one by an Englishman, all four showing a wholly different angle of Palestine, and even more expressive of their authors' conflicting personalities. They only show one thing in common: the strange fascination of modern Palestine for all those who have taken part in its life.

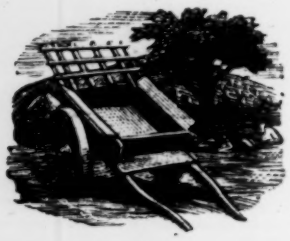
Mr. Harthern and Mr. Duff have both written up brief journeys to Palestine in semi-fiction form. *Going Home* is a rather ingenuous account of a nostalgic journey to Palestine undertaken by a German-Jewish writer, long domiciled in Scandinavia, in 1934, the period when German and other Jews, fleeing from Hitler, were arriving in Jewish Palestine at the rate of thousands a month and filling the country with their noise and confusion. Mr. Harthern draws a vivid if sentimental picture of despair mingled with new hope in the lives of middle class Jewish immigrants, mainly from Germany. Characteristically, the Arabs are hardly mentioned. Mr. Harthern's writing seems dominated by a German-Jewish obsession about nordic blondeness which an American, for instance, would find difficult to understand, and which makes him in effect an inverted Nazi. All through his journey meetings with blonde Jews are stressed, and he is rendered happy by the discovery that in Palestine, owing to some trick of pigmentation under the hot sun, the majority of the native Jewish children are light-haired.

Mr. Duff is almost, if not quite, one of Mr. Harthern's envied carefree nordics. A former Palestine police officer, he has written a number of breezy books about Palestine. The present book is an account of a recent religious pilgrimage, during which Mr. Duff also attacks glaring political abuses. But Mr. Duff's own confused mind is probably equally revealed where he confesses to the thrills of hunting human quarry, or in the following attack upon Jewish workers who brought Socialism to Palestine:

> Worse was to follow for the Old Colonists. There was a section of disgruntled, disloyal and pernicious men and women, lazy good-for-nothing work-shys, determined to win ease and affluence without the need of sweating for it. Perverted Socialism, Bolshevism and worse, came in with some of the newcomers, and the leaven spread. For the first time there were Jewish prostitutes in modern Palestine . . .

This reads like the typical language of an old-fashioned American reactionary of to-day.

So much for the travellers. The two historical studies are also in complete contrast. *Fulfilment in the Promised Land*, writes Mr. Bentwich. *No Ease in Zion!* Mr. Feiwel cries in warning, quoting Amos. Mr. Bentwich speaks of civilised Jewish achievement in Palestine. Mr. Feiwel sees this whole achievement threatened unless its basis can be extended to the Arabs. Mr. Bentwich, a former Palestine official, writes as an English radical and a Zionist Moderate, determined to be fair all round. He describes his book as deliberately non-political, and the limitation is unfortunate. Peopled by brave pioneers, bold business men and philanthropic social workers, his Jewish Palestine has the



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unreality of a country described in a travel guide. Indeed, it is only in the concluding chapter, where Mr. Bentwich criticises Jewish and Arab extreme nationalism, together with British lack of policy, that his book comes to life. For all his Liberal optimism, however, Mr. Bentwich can advance no convincing way out of the present deadlock.

Nor, for all his sharp and ruthless analysis of the present crisis, can Mr. Feiwel. Where Mr. Bentwich is vaguely hopeful, Mr. Feiwel is sadly aware of the racial and spiritual clash in Palestine which is only part of the chaos of Western civilisation. *No Ease in Zion* is in every way an unusual and important book. It is an ambitious and sometimes brilliant study of Zionism, treating not only modern Palestine but ranging over the entire historical and political background. What is neglected, perhaps, is the economic factor, the peasant revolt against imperialism which is the same in Palestine as in other colonial countries. But Mr. Feiwel, for all his historical materialist reasoning, is more interested in ruthlessly analysing the ideas and illusions by which men and nations are swayed. To make Zionism intelligible, he gives an illuminating and novel account of Jewish history, and its psychological effect upon the Jewish mind. To explain Arab mentality of to-day he advances a materialist explanation of Arab expansion, and a psycho-analytical theory of Arab spiritual collapse and helpless, inert servitude under the Turks. The path of advance of British imperialism towards possession of the Middle East is shown strewn with extravagant broken promises. During the two decades of the post-war phase, Mr. Feiwel shows the passionate idealism, the "improbable courage" and endurance of the Palestine Zionists, above all of the Jewish workers and the young Jews in the strange communal settlements, together with their national exclusiveness and blindness towards the Arabs, which, aided by British ineptitude and intrigues, led step by step to the present disastrous strife. The story is illustrated by clear, ironical vignettes of various leaders, Dr. Weizman, Herbert Samuel, the Grand Mufti, Sir Arthur Wauchope. Mr. Feiwel sees clearly, however, that whatever decision the British Government may take, the problem of Jewish and Arab relations is excruciatingly difficult and still only in its beginnings, to be solved, perhaps, only by the next generation. The future of Palestine will be determined by wider international considerations, and here Mr. Feiwel finds it difficult to be optimistic.

In any case, Mr. Feiwel sees Zionism as only one central theme in the tragic Jewish history which he sees as a stupendous historical drama in five definite phases. The first act was the passionate religious struggle of the Biblical Hebrew prophets in the hills of Palestine. The second phase was the economic expansion of a merchant people, the Jews, its rise and fall in medieval Europe, and here Mr. Feiwel gives a striking explanation of the economic role of the Jews in Europe, and the real conflict underlying medieval anti-semitism. The third act saw the Jews imprisoned and turned into a nation of neurotics in the Ghetto. The fourth phase, when Western Capitalism freed the Jews and permitted them to spread and multiply, was one of hope, and produced the brilliant crop of Jewish financiers, statesmen, scientists and artists of the last generations. To-day, the fifth and final act of the tragedy has begun, when in a declining capitalist world heading towards Armageddon, in which ancient prejudices have been pathologically reawakened, the Jews are threatened with extinction. Mr. Feiwel vividly shows the despairing attempts of a gifted and unhappy people to escape from their trap, and Zionism as one such desperate attempt. There is a superb portrait of Theodor Herzl, the first Zionist prophet, a "Hitler without Fascism," who at the Dreyfus trial in a flash saw Europe as one Ghetto, and could anticipate history by writing in his diary in 1895:

> To the Kaiser:
> If the German Jews emigrate, this will cause the return of the German-American emigrants. In this way you will gain unadulterated nationals, you prevent a collapse which might be difficult to limit, you weaken socialism, to which the persecuted Jews have turned because other parties have expelled them, and you gain time to solve the social question.

To-day, with the shadow of the swastika already even over Britain, the Jewish catastrophe glimpsed by Herzl is already with us. But the fate of the Jews, too, Mr. Feiwel concludes,

> will be decided within the major issue—whether European civilisation is to survive, or to end in chaos. The Jews, perhaps, were only precocious. Forty years ago, startled by the Dreyfus trial, that first sign of the break-up of rationality, the first Zionists tried to arouse the Jews into escape. Five years ago, startled out of their security, the German Jews suddenly began frantically to run. A year ago, after the black day of German aeroplanes over Guernica, the citizens of London began to dig in their gardens for shelter. And to-day the question of the Jews of Europe has become one which must be solved, together with all others—or, together with them, fail to be solved.
>
> Not only peace, but intellectual sanity, has become indivisible. The moral is with us.

ERIC ESTORICK


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Penrose. Dr. Penrose, who is now a member of the staff of the M.R.C., is a rare combination. He is both a clinician and a geneticist of repute. A report has now been issued under the aegis of the Mental Disorders Committee. The magnitude of the task can be gauged from the fact that 1,280 patients and 6,629 sibs (brothers and sisters) were examined, not to mention parents and other near relatives.

Previous investigations had been vitiated in an attempt to give premature guidance in administrative problems. This led to a division of cases into hereditary and environmental, a separation which can only rarely be clearly drawn and then only after exhaustive study. In addition, the classification has been too broad. Dr. Penrose took the precaution of recording all physical conditions, whether previously supposed to be correlated with mental defect or not, in an endeavour to discover new criteria and new methods of classification. The cases of defect were classified by mental tests, the Stanford-Binet and Porteus tests, suitably weighted and adjusted with other evidence.

One striking difficulty in the investigation is the bias which is introduced by the method of admission of the patients to the institution. For instance, more defective mothers of patients were found than fathers. This might at first sight be ascribed to genetic causes, but further investigations, such as absence of difference between parents of male and female patients, definitely excludes this. Dr. Penrose ascribes this to the fact that inefficient mothers are a means of recognising defect in children by local authorities. Another interesting fact is that border-line defectives are more highly represented among illegitimate than among legitimate patients, and among the children of unskilled workers than among the children of skilled workers. Dr. Penrose does not state how this comes about, but to me it seems likely that the better-off families will retain their mildly defectives, while the poorer families will find the strain, financial or otherwise, too intolerable and will get rid of them. Then again sordid environment might accentuate minor defects not normally certifiable.

The incidence of defect among parents and brothers and sisters of patients is 7 to 9 per cent. as compared with 1 to 3 per cent. in the population as a whole, undoubtedly a considerable increase. But before this is taken as indicative of the need for eugenic measures a study of the chapter on clinical aspects is advisable.

Dr. Penrose himself does not discuss eugenic measures, and conclusions on that topic are left to the reader or to the reviewer. In a final chapter Dr. Penrose separates out defects due to the following causes: (*a*) purely accidental, i.e., due to brain injury, encephalitis or meningitis, etc.; (*b*) probably partly genetical and partly accidental; (*c*) probably genetic and due to recessive genes, in which case sterilisation would be practically valueless unless also applied to all relatives; (*d*) probably genetic and due to dominant genes, in which case sterilisation would be immediately effective.

Perhaps the most interesting and most important finding is the possibility of detecting minor defects in parents, which were heterozygous for genes which when homozygous would cause serious defect. (Of the offspring of two such heterozygotes quarter would be perfectly normal, half mildly affected, and quarter seriously affected.) To the reviewer it seems that the very thorough and careful analysis which Dr. Penrose has carried out lends support to the "anti-eugenic" school represented by Haldane and Hogben. Their main criticisms have been based on the manifest ineffectiveness of sterilisation unless the defects are dominant, and this is only true of a small proportion of cases. But Dr. Penrose's study is even more important. By his separation and analysis of types he clears the way for extensive physiological and bio-chemical analysis which will in time yield methods for the cure of many of the defects. As long as classification is crude there will be no genuine progress in curative or preventive measures. Dr. Penrose's work will be a model and an inspiration to further study of mental defect.

Of much lighter calibre is *Apes, Men and Morons*, by E. A. Hooton, Professor of Anthropology at Harvard. This entertaining book is a collection of addresses mainly on man's ancestry and on racial types. The author pours healthy contempt on claims for racial superiority, whether by Nazis in Germany or by our own imperialists. Curiously enough he does not recognise the similarity of eugenic proposals. Like a great many people, he is hoodwinked by the subtle avoidance of explicit party labels.

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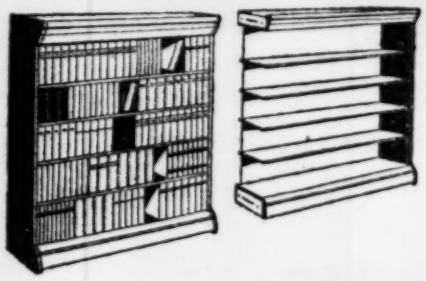

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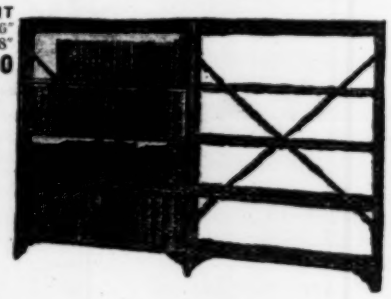

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## VERSAILLES

**The Truth About the Peace Treaties.** By LLOYD GEORGE. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

The Versailles Peace was not the Carthaginian affair which many people have represented it to be. If General Foch and the French Right had had their way the Allies would have marched to Berlin, attempted to set up an independent territory under French protection on the right bank of the Rhine and imposed a vaster indemnity than the absurd one actually agreed upon. There are people who hold that there is something inherently evil in the German race and who wish that Foch had had his way. But how, one asks, would Foch's scheme have worked out? Unless the Peace had really been Carthaginian, unless, that is, the towns of Germany had been obliterated as Carthage was and the land ploughed up and sown with salt, it would not have been possible permanently to keep down by force the 60 million people of Germany. Some jingoes, I remember, at the end of the last war realised this and demanded that Hun babies should be starved so that there should be no further generation to plan revenge. As it was, we did starve the Germans quite a lot—deliberately for six months after the Armistice—and the French did encircle Germany, take the Saar and invade the Ruhr, with psychological effects that we are all conscious of to-day. In fact the Peace was as severe as the practical men who made it thought possible, but not as severe as groups of madmen in England and France would have liked. It would have been more severe, as Mr. Lloyd George shows, if the Soviet Revolution had not produced a new element into the situation.

In his very interesting chapter on Russia Mr. Lloyd George reveals that the Treaty makers had become more frightened of Bolshevism than of Germany, and were above all terrified of Germany going Bolshevik. General Foch was so frightened of Communism that, while he was in favour of humiliating Germany in every other way, he was actually not in favour of thoroughly disarming her. A disarmed Germany would mean, he seems to have thought, a greater probability of Communism and, equally shocking, provide progressives everywhere with an argument in favour of general disarmament. That Britain and France did not keep their promise to disarm, Mr. Lloyd George rightly regards as the greatest tragedy of all. The final result was a muddle due to fear of resurgent Germany, fear of Bolshevism and a complete lack among the victorious Powers of the kind of vision which would have seen Europe as a suffering whole, needing not only political unity, but, even more, international economic reconstruction. The statesmen were the servants of interests and the representatives of a virulent nationalism which could not see so far. Conceptions of self-determination, strategical frontiers, Bolshevism, and the rest dominated the Peace and the short-sighted psychology of victory dominated the years after the Peace. Instead of looking at Europe as a whole, thinking of the economic needs of peoples rather than the particular interests of States, and trying to create a new international order, the statesmen could only fob off the large measure of idealism, still existing even at the end of the war, with a juridical League, which did not really unite anyone and which was used mainly as an instrument of French domination.

Mr. Lloyd George's interesting account of the Treaty-making would have been better if he had been able to look back on these twenty years with a broader and more philosophical eye. He has never been one to turn the other cheek, and his preoccupation with self-vindication spoils some otherwise valuable sections of his book. In reviewing an earlier volume I said that if it were true that Mr. Lloyd George never made a mistake during the war, it would have been prudent for him to have invented one or two. In the same way in this book we have not so much a defence of Versailles—for he admits that it was a bad Treaty in many respects—as a defence of Mr. Lloyd George. How much wiser he would have been in discussing reparations if he had not been so determined to put all the blame elsewhere! He digs up a departmental Memorandum by Professor Ashley and Mr. Keynes, who were asked as technical experts to assess Germany's capacity to pay. Then he describes his horror when he read the conclusions of an important body of experts whom he appointed to go into the question of reparations. The experts included all sorts of respectable and responsible people—bank directors, economists and others who should have known better than to give way to their anti-German feelings in an expert Memorandum. He tells us, and I believe him, that he was shocked by this outrageous document, but he does not tell us why in that case he appointed these very experts to the Reparations Commission in Paris. I do not doubt that Mr. Lloyd George's views were always more moderate and sensible than those of many of his advisers; I only regret that after twenty years, tragically wasted, he should still think it so important to demonstrate just how far he was right and everyone else was wrong.

On the subject of Russia Mr. Lloyd George was particularly sensible and realistic. He resisted Mr. Churchill's preposterous desire for a great war of intervention, and reminded his colleagues that if the Russian people preferred Bolshevism to Tsarism it was not our business to dictate to them, nor would intervention succeed. His second big stand for an intelligent Peace was made when the French wanted the permanent occupation of the right bank of the Rhine. He retired with General Smuts, Sir Henry Wilson, Sir Maurice Hankey and Mr. Philip Kerr to Fontainebleau to compose a considered reply to the French thesis. It is a fine document which begins as follows:

> When nations are exhausted by wars in which they have put forth all their strength and which leave them tired, bleeding and broken, it is not difficult to patch up a peace that may last until the generation which experienced the horrors of the war has passed away. Pictures of heroism and triumph only tempt those who know nothing of the sufferings and terrors of war. It is therefore comparatively easy to patch up a peace which will last for thirty years. What is difficult, however, is to draw up a peace which will not provoke a fresh struggle when those who have had practical experience of what war means have passed away. . . .
>
> You may strip Germany of her colonies, reduce her armaments to a mere police force and her navy to that of a fifth-rate Power; all the same in the end if she feels that she has been unjustly treated in the peace of 1919 she will find means of exacting retribution from her conquerors. The impression, the deep impression, made upon the human heart by four years of unexampled slaughter will disappear with the years upon which it has been marked by the terrible sword of the great war. The maintenance of peace will then depend upon there being no causes of exasperation constantly stirring up the spirit of patriotism, of justice or of fair play. To achieve redress our terms may be severe, they may be stern and even ruthless, but at the same time they can be so just that the country on which they are imposed will feel in its heart that it has no right to complain. But injustice, arrogance, displayed in the hour of triumph, will never be forgotten or forgiven.

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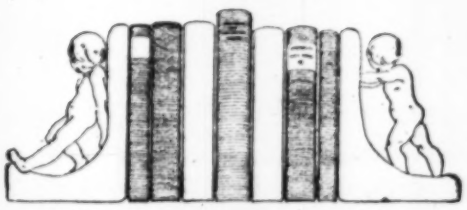

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After dealing with the new peril of a Bolshevik Germany, he insists that the Peace must be one that a responsible German Government can sign in the belief that it can fulfil the obligations it incurs, that it must not contain provocations for future wars and that the League must be a reality. "To my mind it is idle to endeavour to impose a permanent limitation of armaments on Germany unless we are prepared to impose similar limitations on ourselves." M. Clemenceau replied with the sarcastic references to Britain's readiness to take the colonies and the German fleet while she refused France the necessary steps for her protection. Mr. Lloyd George replied in kind; and in the end a compromise was reached.

In these controversies President Wilson, whom Mr. Lloyd George understood and liked, does not come out as a strong man. He was "nobbled" by the Poles, unduly sensitive to criticism in the French press and, according to Mr. Lloyd George, induced to give way on an essential matter in exchange for a promise that press attacks would cease. He wasted his strength over the comparatively unimportant struggle over Fiume and showed a lack of negotiating skill in dealing with men as obstinate as himself. Mr. Lloyd George describes the one stand-up "row" in the Conference. The worst fire-eater at the Conference was Mr. Hughes, the Australian Prime Minister. He was as bad as the French Right about most things and adamant on the question of international mandates, which President Wilson had most at heart. He was determined that the islands conquered by Australia should simply belong to Australia without any international control.

> President Wilson pulled him up sharply and proceeded to address him personally in what I would describe as a heated allocution rather than an appeal. He dwelt on the seriousness of defying world opinion on this subject. Mr. Hughes, who listened intently, with his hand cupped around his ear so as not to miss a word, indicated at the end that he was still of the same opinion. Whereupon the President asked him slowly and solemnly: "Mr. Hughes, am I to understand that if the whole civilised world asks Australia to agree to a mandate in respect of these islands, Australia is prepared still to defy the appeal of the whole civilised world?" Mr. Hughes answered: "That's about the size of it, President Wilson." Mr. Massey grunted his assent of this abrupt defiance.

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This is a sobering book. Our present troubles, it is true, are only partly due to the Treaty of Versailles. Hitler uses its mistakes as an excuse and as a way of undermining resistance to actions which have nothing to do with Versailles. It is well to remember that the present Cabinet includes men who sent the famous telegram demanding "no concessions"—a revolt which Mr. Lloyd George scotched with admirable skill. I think it would not be difficult to explain some aspects of recent policy by the guilt which has remained in the minds of some of those former hun-haters. They gave way in the wrong place and may yet stand firm in the wrong place. We have to remember that Fascism is an economic and social phenomenon which in some form would have arisen without Versailles, but also that without Versailles Hitler would not have succeeded in achieving the power he has in Germany. If we are to face the Nazi problem as intelligent beings and not as lunatics, we must be prepared to pay some of the price of our past mistakes and not assume that the price must always be paid by others. We must remember that the League and the Collective Security system were inadequate attempts to preserve the Peace and never supported amongst intelligent people as efforts to encircle or defeat Germany. They were the basis of an international order in which Hitler was invited to join on the understanding that it would give him an opportunity of finding a peaceful remedy for any grievance that Germany might feel. To-day that system has been destroyed. We have to accept the fact of a Germany far greater and stronger than the Kaiser envisaged. I hope those who remember nothing of the war and of the circumstances of the Peace and who now talk as if a war with Germany were inevitable will read this book—and even more important, Mr. Lloyd George's earlier volume on the battle of Passchendaele.

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## THE MARXIST CRITIC

**The Triple Thinkers.** By EDMUND WILSON. *Oxford University Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Many solemn words have been written in recent years on the "function of criticism." Literary tea-tasting is out of fashion, and the role once occupied by morality and metaphysics has been usurped by psycho-analysis, Marxism and anthropology. The situation, the "position" (that is the masonic word) has been defined and redefined; there have been syntheses, parades, *passades*, retreats; and whether in this commotion the critic was leading or bringing up the rear was not always plain to an onlooker. A movement, perhaps, has been made away from charm towards realism; we boast a new apparatus of insight. But critics of the charm school, flutey and confiding though they may have been, were at least subject to one useful check: they relied on their powers of persuasion, they did not attempt to bludgeon us with the authority of doubtful sciences. And since their task was to persuade, they took the trouble to write well. Is this such a disadvantage as is assumed in some quarters to-day? It does not seem to me that criticism is necessarily more objective or truthful because it adopts the tone of a Government report. Certainly it is less attractive. We enjoy reading Mr. Pearsall Smith in almost any circumstances; we enjoy Mr. Herbert Read only when we happen to agree with him.

There is more than a little snobbishness in this new approach to literature. It is so easy to peer down one's nose at the past. Psycho-analysis or dialectical materialism can provide a marvellous weapon for the time snob, who takes up the attitude of consulting analyst to Wordsworth and Blake, or swamps whole centuries in economic evolution. How satisfying to be able to expose the sexual pattern of *Alice in Wonderland*, the bourgeois sources of Shakespeare's sonnets! The charm critic, the persuader, is content with a little fancy writing on his own—a comparatively harmless vanity. There is, of course, a snobbery of taste as of historical perspective, but the first is at least likely to be *selective* in its operation, while the second is levelling.

These and other points, especially as they affect writers of Left-wing criticism, are touched on by Mr. Edmund Wilson in the last essay of his *Triple Thinkers*. He is himself an outstanding example of the new type of critic who yet preserves aesthetic sensibility and does not disdain giving pleasure to the reader. He uses the new weapons cautiously: the Freudian interpretation of *The Turn of the Screw*, for example, is pressed home without distortion of Henry James's qualities as a writer, and though the chapter on Flaubert is from a Marxist point of view, we are never

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made to feel that his subject is being cramped into a frame which doesn't fit. Thus Mr. Wilson:

> A man may be an excellent Marxist, but if he lacks imagination and taste he will be unable to make the choice between a good and an inferior book, both of which are ideologically unexceptionable. What Marxism *can* do, however, is to throw a great deal of light on the origins and social significance of works of art. The study of literature in its relation to society is as old as Herder—and even Vico. Coleridge had flashes of insight into the connection between literary and social phenomena, as when he saw the Greek state in the Greek sentence and the individualism of the English in the short separate statements of Chaucer's prologue. But the great bourgeois master of this kind of criticism was Taine, with his *race* and *moment* and *milieu*. . . .

The Marxist critic, as defined by Mr. Wilson (and his own practice bears him out), has two selves, the political self holding a watching brief while the aesthetic conducts the case. And this is true (or rather should be true), not only of Marxism in relation to literature, but of humanism, psychological theory, Roman Catholicism, or any other set of formulas invoked in passing literary judgment. To praise a book not on its merits but because you have hopes of Heaven or of a new state of society is at bottom grotesquely unpractical; and no self-respecting critic would allow himself such shots in the dark. Nevertheless, the over-ruling belief of the Marxist critic will be that new state of society, and of the Roman Catholic that Heaven; in each case the imagination employed in literature is doubly justified as foreshadowing ultimate realities. We are familiar with this mysticism of art as taught by religion, and the Marxist view is not so very different. Mr. Wilson ends his book with a passage which, I think, deserves quoting at length:

> All that has been said has been said of the past; and Marxism is something new in the world: it is a philosophical system which leads directly to programs of action. . . . The Marxist view of Lenin—Vincent Sheean has said it first—has in its completeness and compelling force a good deal in common with the vision of Dante; but, partly realised by Lenin during his lifetime and still potent for some years after his death, it was a creation, not of literary art, but of actual social engineering. It is society itself, says Trotsky, which under communism becomes the work. The first attempts at this art will be inexpert and they will have refractory material to work in; and the philosophy of the Marxist dialectic involves idealistic and mythological elements which have led too often to social religion rather than to social art. Yet the human imagination has already come to conceive the possibility of re-creating human society; and how can we doubt that, as it acquires the power, it must emerge from what will seem by comparison the revolutionary "underground" of art as we have always known it up to now and deal with the materials of actual life in ways which we cannot now even foresee? This is to speak in terms of centuries, of ages; but, in practising and prizing literature, we must not be unaware of the first efforts of the human spirit to transcend literature itself.

One need not be a Marxist to understand this position, to admit the possibility of such a belief as Mr. Wilson's, and the roles he assigns to literature and evolutionary history. Most critics who share Mr. Wilson's belief write revivalist nonsense when they come to deal with literature; he is one of the few—the very few—in whom the Marxist faith has induced greater balance.

For, though he has sensibility as a critic, his gifts do not startle. He is incapable of making those short-cuts, by means of metaphor or the unexpected bringing together of two names, which distinguish criticism of an imaginative order. When he criticises a masterpiece—*Madame Bovary* or *The Ivory Tower*—he must tell us the story in detail, he must go over the old ground, he must look round for a comparison and patiently work it out, he must plod and plod—but in the end he gets there! Triumphantly, to our surprise, he gets there. No one, I imagine, would describe him as a brilliant writer, yet his mingling of surface ease and solid thought produces almost the effect of brilliance. So awkward a sentence as this, in the essay on Henry James, plants a seed in the mind:

> His [James's] censure of Tolstoy for his failure to select is a defensive reflex action on Henry James's part for his own failure to fill in the picture.

Such sentences, not outwardly striking, occur frequently in this book. Here is another:

> To compare Virgil with the Virgilian Tennyson is to get the impression that the Virgilian poets are shrinking; but to compare Virgil with the equally Virgilian Flaubert is to see how a great modern prose writer has grown out of the classical poets.

He goes on, for two pages, to make the comparison between the *Georgics* and *Madame Bovary*—an admirable passage.

As purely literary criticism *The Triple Thinkers* can rank with *Axel's Castle*, and that is saying a good deal. Its subjects are: Elmer More's Humanism, the decay of verse, Pushkin, Housman, Flaubert's politics, James's ambiguity, John Jay Chapman (nineteenth century American radical and poet), "Erewhon" Butler, Shaw at eighty, Marxism and literature. All ten essays are good, those on Pushkin, James and Flaubert excellent. The title, by the way, comes from Flaubert: "What is the artist if he is not a triple thinker?" and the sub-title of the book might have been "Literature and Ideas." He rescues Flaubert from the aestheticism to which most critics confine him and demonstrates the importance of his ideas, conflicting though these were. *L'Education Sentimentale* has always been the least popular of Flaubert's novels, no doubt because of its structure of ideas, and it is the book on which Mr. Wilson fixes attention. In this novel, he points out, Flaubert's account of society comes nearest to Socialist theory; it is as much political as sentimental education. Mr. Wilson goes on to say:

> Indeed Flaubert's presentation here of the revolution of 1848 parallels in so striking a manner Marx's analysis of the same event in *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Napoleon* that it is worth while to bring into the same focus the diverse figures of Flaubert and Marx in order to see how two great minds of the last century, pursuing courses so apparently divergent, arrived at identical interpretations of the happenings of their own time.

"Identical interpretations" may seem strong, but it dints the usual art-for-art's-sake image of Flaubert and comes near being true. "The French Revolution," Flaubert wrote in 1871, "must cease to be a dogma and become part of domain of science, like the rest of human affairs." His subsequent disgust with politics—expressed in *Bouvard and Pécuchet*—shows not that he thought these ideas wrong but that in despair of their being understood or realised he had taken refuge in satire.

You might look for pages without discovering a trace of Mr. Wilson's Marxism. You would only notice perhaps a greater care for "placing" an author—in morals, historical sequence, politics—than most critics pretend to. But then, in a sentence, he will lengthen his historical perspective to include the future; and like it or not, you will be impressed.

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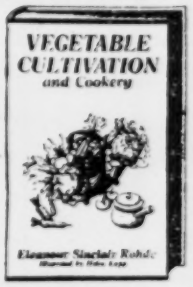


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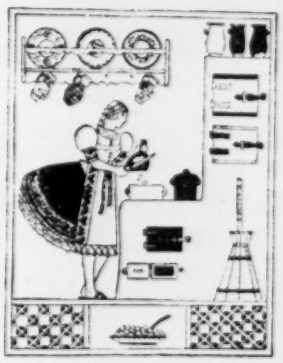

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Mr. Murry's new book is a series of essays centred on twelve personalities, from Chaucer to William Morris, with a Preface and Epilogue. "I have tried," he says, "to reveal the actual growth of the modern world through the minds of some great men who experienced in act or imagination the travail of its becoming." The stages are shown in the existence of a genuinely Christian society in the medieval village community and in its betrayal by a parasitic institutional church (Chaucer); the arrival of the first fully self-conscious modern man in Montaigne; Shakespeare's awareness of an old world passing—the tension in his work between "status" and unrestrained individualism; Milton's intellectualised version of Christianity leading to extreme separatism (Blake's *Milton* is brilliantly used to interpret); and the attempts of Rousseau, Godwin, Marx and Morris to recover for society a moral basis.

For Mr. Murry this basis must be Christian; and he here re-states his Christianity in a form familiar from his other books. "We must begin by trying to love, and by recognising our inevitable failure to love. 'Love endureth all things,' even that." It is Mr. Murry's addition of spontaneity to the Christian virtues that links them with the conception of the poetic personality he has derived chiefly from Keats—"negative capability," loyalty to experience, a man's obedience to "his own most musical law." The emphasis on the receptive, even the submissive, side of human nature corresponds to Mr. Murry's own greatest strength as a critic. He is naturally and deeply a humble man, and therefore sometimes fails to see the need of the intellect as a chastening force; he is an Aeolian harp, abnormally sensitive to others' genius, especially when its spirit is like his own. At the time he wrote *Keats and Shakespeare* his sympathy with his subject made his interpretation an almost passive thing, but later—notably in the case of Lawrence—he became the devotee of an image of his own devising.

Readers of this new book will often be struck by examples of such unconscious falsification. I should have said that the books of the Bible most after Mr. Murry's heart were the third and fourth Gospels—but the presiding genius of *Heaven—and Earth* is St. Paul, and phrases from I Cor. xiii sound through all the essays: yet beautiful as that chapter is in the A.V. it seems to me the work of a tortured, unhappy, fanatical man far removed from spontaneous tenderness, clarity and exact self-knowledge. St. Paul certainly has all the historical importance Mr. Murry gives him, both as the chief founder of a universal church and as the source of Calvinism; but in himself he, rather than Pascal, deserves to be unfavourably contrasted with Montaigne. In interpreting I Cor. xiii it is Mr. Murry's *literary* judgment that has failed; but when he includes Cromwell, too, in his list of heroes the failure is even wider; and the defence of the Irish massacres on the ground that intolerance was intolerable is at variance with his Preface: "No cherished belief of the Protestant mind needs more correction by the facts of history than its assurance that it has stood for tolerance against the intolerance of the Catholic Church." In writing of Cromwell he falls into an unhappy parody of Carlyle, who seems to have influenced him in more than style.

In other essays, however, especially those on Montaigne, Rousseau and Godwin, he develops his argument with amazing freshness of insight. I can best finish these scattered comments with a quotation:

> It is more apparent to-day than it was during the nineteenth century that the mechanism of political democracy will not yield more than you put into it in the way of social and moral regeneration. The difference between Godwin and Rousseau here is that Rousseau maintained (as I believe rightly) that the very process of moral regeneration in the individual involved the recognition that organised society is necessary. The regenerated individual, in Rousseau's vision, works definitely to make society a fitting instrument of individual regeneration: to make secular society an instrument of its own change into a religious society. This was beyond the range of Godwin's independent and individualistic thought.

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**Being Geniuses Together.** By ROBERT MCALMON. *Secker and Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**Laughing Diplomat.** By DANIELE VARÉ. *John Murray.* 16*s.*

**Robert Loraine.** By WINIFRED LORAINE. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Genius I regard as an infinite capacity for taking pains, plus genius. *Being Geniuses Together* belies its name. It is a nightmare, for I can imagine nothing worse than to dream that one had written it, except to be the author and wake up to find it true. It is a long, maundering and peevish account of the literary figures of the 'twenties, written by someone who, apart from one or two generous tributes to the power of alcohol, seems rarely capable of any criticism that is not personal and destructive. Whence Mr. McAlmon derives his hatred of writers and the written word is not evident, his autobiography starts too late, but granted this odium as the ruling passion of his life, then publishing was certainly the profession in which he was best able to indulge it. Hemingway, Lewis, Joyce, Yeats, Eliot, Moore, Stein, Douglas, all met—or came very close to meeting—Mr. McAlmon. But he was not impressed, and a few flat, splenetic, and unconvincing paragraphs record the encounter. Here are one or two examples:

> Believing that he knew of my relationship with wealth, I mentioned Sir John, and when Lewis discovered that I was his son-in-law a peculiar change came over his manner. . . . By midnight he was talking subtly of how much could be done with a man of wealth like Sir John by one in my situation, etc.
>
> I decided to get in touch with T. S. Eliot, although his cautious articles on criticism did not impress me with his enthusiasm, erudition, scholarship, or sense of either life or literature. His mouldy poetry did strike me as perfect expression of a clerkly and liverish man's apprehension of life, and to me he was Prufrock. I prefer his then main interest, La Forgue (Eliot never had Ezra Pound's health and vitality), etc.
>
> It was some comment on Joyce or Pound or other poet which started Yeats on this thesis, "The eternal search for ——" I pleaded another engagement, and bolted.

The author also specialises in back-handers, like "I recalled that Eliot had told me Bell was a most agreeable person if you did not take him seriously, and a waste of time if you did," and such a collection of irresponsible aspersions might do great injury, if it

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were not that the bitterness of this gatecrasher at the muses' table was dissolved in the weakness of his style. His venom induces coma. The writers mentioned will ignore this book. I protest for them.

*Laughing Diplomat* is unreal, for to-day there is something unreal and almost innocent about the old diplomacy. Signor Varé describes an uneventful journey from *poste* to *poste* by a series of anecdotes. Occasionally he gives an opinion:

> To-day he (Balfour) asked me about the Jews in Italy. I said they were patriotic and useful members of the community, and what was perhaps more to the point, they were not conspicuous enough to figure as scapegoats in times of depression. We have no "Jewish question," and Italians do not consider the Jew as an "eternal alien" as people do elsewhere.

Otherwise Signor Varé's reminiscences are typical: discreet, felicitous and prolix. He believes in diplomacy as the technique of doing business between nations, a technique evolved to soften all the blows administered in such a way that a client, however worsted, remains a friend, while a friend is always considered as a potential enemy, and *vice versa*. He is peaceable, worldly, anti-Bolshevik, and what is called in Right-wing papers a "realist." There are some amusing stories in the book, but I cannot recommend, except to a *cher collègue*, such an outlay of sixteen shillings.

*Robert Loraine* is the most interesting of these books, for it is about a remarkable man. He is not a man one can like, but an extreme type of the actor and the individualist, a recklessly brave, selfish, and intelligent romantic; and his life is well told by his widow, who shows a sensible and understanding grasp of it. Loraine was a dashing English *jeune premier* who excelled at high-brow parts like Cyrano, or in the plays of Shaw and Strindberg, he made his name, but his restlessness, egoism, and extravagance proved his undoing. This is a book for the psychologist.

None of these books is to be recommended for crisis reading; they are the best of a bunch of autobiographies, and that is all. The autobiography is gaining some of the popularity which the novel once had. If this profitable field is to be invaded by a horde of slipshod practitioners who cannot plan, cut down, or construct a book, it will shortly lose it. CYRIL CONNOLLY

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## IMPERIAL STUDIES

**European Beginnings in West Africa, 1454-1578.** By J. W. BLAKE. **The Colonial Office: A History.** By HENRY L. HALL, Ph.D. Royal Empire Society, Imperial Studies: *Longmans*. 12*s*. 6*d*. each.

So long as those who are uneasy about the treatment of colonies are content merely to criticise, without themselves making serious original contribution, they must be grateful for such grist as finds its way through the sieves of bodies like the Imperial Studies Committee of the Royal Empire Society—which have their limitations. The Committee's monographs not only err on the side of caution, they are for the most part the Ph.D. theses of inexperienced though able young graduates. Instead of acting as Editor the Committee with laudable zeal for objective scholarship, and some little fear of opinion, acts rather like an old-fashioned Dominie who insists that in the arithmetic paper all the working must be shown. The full significance of careful work is thus often obscured.

There is another weakness. It is no doubt the useful service of the modern and especially of the London school of Imperial History, from which most of the studies in this series come, that it has put colonial history in its proper European or world setting. This was a necessary protest against the parish-pump politics that have passed for history, more especially in those colonies now grown into Dominions. But students forget the limitations of European archives. Their evidence is very often that of officials on their own defence; and inevitably there is little or none from the people themselves, more especially those of the weaker units whose fate was chiefly in question.

Mr. Blake's painstaking gutting of Portuguese and other sources for "European Beginnings" in West Africa was none the less well worth while. In the earliest phase, as he shows, the Guinea trade of the Portuguese was relatively important, if only for its appreciable yield of gold. By the last quarter of the sixteenth century, however, the East Indies were bringing in "an annual revenue of two million cruzados," whereas "the value to the crown of the entire trade of West Africa" was no more than 280,000 cruzados. Any profits there were, Mr. Blake comments, had been eaten up by "overhead charges," in other words by the high cost of protecting Portuguese trade against foreign rivals, French and English. Mr. Blake expresses "surprise" to find that his sources make little mention of trade in ivory, even on the Ivory Coast, and he need hardly have quoted, as if accepting, the explanation of a contemporary that the natives of that coast were particularly "treacherous." In little points like these the absence of any first-hand knowledge of the terrain reveals itself. But the upshot of it all is clear enough. Mr. Blake himself comes to it in an aside, that "commercial war in Guinea, in fact, did not take much notice of national policies: it was private warfare for individual profit." His whole story is of a "sordid fight for trade, in which little mercy was given and none expected," and in which "the interests of the negroes were entirely subordinated to those of the whites."

Even so the conventional word "subordinated" is a misleading euphemism for the treatment meted out by all the Colonial Powers to their undeveloped dependencies. Nothing was, or is to-day, to be made, either at the expense of their people or for them, except at great cost in money and effort. It was quite inevitable, for all the material help the white men brought, that before very long the traffic in slaves, "the earliest to prosper," and the most "reliable," was the only considerable activity not only of the Europeans but of the Native "middlemen" of that stricken coast.

The bane of "Imperial" studies is that they must look always to the centre rather than to the parts whose life and interests are chiefly concerned. In another useful book of the same series "Imperial History" as thus conceived reaches something approaching a *reductio ad absurdum*. Dr. H. L. Hall, in a study from the angle of the Colonial Office, shows quite convincingly how well the Office itself has carried its burden. Very justly he lays the blame where it properly belongs—on the Treasury, the Cabinet of the day, and above all on the inert and selfish public opinion of the Home Country. He then goes on to reprove the less inert public of the colonies for insufficiently appreciating the weight of responsibility resting on the burdened shoulders of the Imperial Government, at one point positively excusing Imperial neglect of the interests of one of its charges on the express ground that others were already costing it so much. The theory would be that for a colony to share in the artificial unity of the Empire—on

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whose resources it cannot draw—is its own reward. The very multitude of colonial acquisitions becomes sufficient reason for the Mother Country to neglect them.

For their warning, Imperialists ought to realise that the one thing that, so far, has "saved" the British Empire has been the relative freedom and individuality retained by or allowed to its component parts. Unity is not yet, and can never be imposed—it may possibly come—but only on the condition that freedom is allowed to develop and flourish.

W. M. MACMILLAN

## NEW NOVELS

**The Squire.** By ENID BAGNOLD. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

**Wolf Among Wolves.** By HANS FALLADA. Translated by PHILIP OWENS. *Putnam.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

**Caspar Hauser.** By JACOB WASSERMANN. *Allen and Unwin.* 10*s.*

**Out of the Silent Planet.** By C. S. LEWIS. *Lane.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

**The Code of the Woosters.** By P. G. WODEHOUSE. *Herbert Jenkins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Anyone who should open Miss Bagnold's new novel somewhere in the middle and come across such a phrase as "the squire's silk nightdress" might well wonder what things were coming to. I am anxious to get this business about "the squire" out of the way at once, because it is my only serious criticism of a very subtle and original book. It is all about the unnamed mistress of a country house, mother of four children and expectant mother of a fifth; her husband is frequently absent in India, and because of this, and of the robust, square-jawed common sense with which she rules her world, Miss Bagnold has chosen to refer to her heroine throughout as "the squire." Others may not mind, but I confess that a little wriggle of uneasiness pursued me every time I read that word. Nor does it particularly suit the book, which is simply a hymn in praise of the honourable condition of motherhood. There is no plot, but a hundred exact and delicate touches reveal the inward pulse and nerves of a big house, kitchen, pantry, nursery, and in the middle, protected and protecting like a queen bee, the mother near her time. Across the village green lives the lovely Caroline, personification of young love, love for its own sake. (Like the mother, she belongs to the class which has money and leisure enough to make, one way or another, a beautiful thing out of life; we are far away from the poor, it is a case of "Would her ladyship come over to her ladyship for coffee?"). But the mother is too absorbed in the life of her children to regret for more than a passing moment her own romantic past. "Outside the window the children swam by in the courtyard like fishes in a pond; up and down, on errands, on searches, voices calling, feet running, faces passing the glass." The four children are marvellously realised, with an intimacy that would be impossible, I am sure, to a male novelist: their small, incomprehensible worlds, their rivalries, difficulties and sudden, sullen refusals. One of them, Boniface, is a child of genius, and the most convincing one I remember in fiction: "red of face, asking no help, intent upon some inner life which would not swim up into his difficult speech . . . Inarticulate, eccentric, living like a mole in his world, putting into dangerous execution plans to which no one had the key." Miss Bagnold's touch is no less sure with the servants: the morose but dependable butler, the nurse, the Good and the Evil Cook, the chattering, flighty company of housemaids. But when we approach the heart of the hive, where none but midwife, doctor and mother may enter, a change, too adroitly managed to be easily recognisable, comes over the dialogue; a relaxation, or rather a transfiguration, of realism. This mother and this midwife converse as no mother or midwife can ever have conversed; their words no longer "speak"; it is an imaginative attempt to convey to the reader the blunt, swimming consciousness of the pregnant woman and the mediaeval, almost priestly devotion of her helpers. The success of this attempt is perhaps beyond a man's power to gauge; I can only record the impression that this book brings us nearer to the sensation (and not only the physical sensation) of childbirth than any other I know:

> Her mind went down and lived in her body, ran out of her brain and lived in her flesh. She had eyes and nose and ears and senses in her body, in her backbone, living like a spiny woodlouse, doubled in a ball, having no beginning and no end. Now the first twisting spate of pain began. Swim then, swim with it for your life. If you resist, horror, and impediment! . . . Every sense she had was down in Earth to which she belonged, fighting to maintain a hold on her pain, to keep pace with it, not to take an ounce of will from her assent to its passage. It was as though the dark river rushed her to a glossy arch. A little more, a little more, a little longer. She was not in torture, she was in labour; she had been thus before and knew her way. The corkscrew swirl swept her shuddering, until she swam into a tunnel—the first seconds of anaesthesia.

Throughout the whole book Miss Bagnold employs words with the same fastidious care, and she has achieved something unique, a picture of domestic life which, much as it would have disgusted the elder Shandy, is more deeply touched with poetry than anything since Patmore.

After this delicate and brilliant piece of work it is a wrench to turn to the German heavyweights. Herren Fallada and Wassermann are both masters of their craft, they understand the arts of suspense and dialogue; but how mechanical these great canvases seem, how lifeless the brushwork. Perhaps criticism is wrong to concentrate so closely on quality; for the novel-reading public bulk counts too: look at the best-sellers of the last few years. It is not long since Mr. Compton Mackenzie's publishers advertised one of his novels as containing (say) "856 pages and 93 characters." So it may be worth while to say that *Wolf Among Wolves* weighs over 2 lbs., contains 966 pages, heaven knows how many characters, and as far as I can remember no jokes at all. It deals faithfully with the Germany of the inflation period from a point of view explained in the author's prefatory note: "While not aiming at a photographic likeness, the author wished to picture a time which is both recent and yet entirely eclipsed. It behoves the rescued not altogether to forget past danger, but, remembering it, to appreciate doubly the happy issue." Since these words were written in Germany in 1936, no doubt the "happy issue" includes the Nazi regime. Around the central story of Wolfgang Pagel, a gambler, and his mistress, Herr Fallada has constructed an enormous and obviously authentic picture of post-war disintegration in Berlin, but, industrious though it all is, an English reader cannot help reflecting that the author takes 300 pages to say what Christopher Isherwood can say in 30. In any case, the most valuable part of the book is the picture of country life on an estate in East Prussia.


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*Caspar Hauser* weighs rather under 2 lbs. and contains 580 pages. It is an elaboration of a still unsolved historical mystery: that of the wild boy who appeared from nowhere in a Nuremberg square in May 1828, divided Germany into hostile parties, and died by a dagger wound in 1833—whether self-inflicted or not has never been determined. Herr Wassermann is an extreme Casparite, that is to say he believes, following Feuerbach's pamphlet of 1832, that Hauser was the Crown Prince of Baden, stolen in infancy by a wicked morganatic stepmother to ensure the succession of her own children, reduced to imbecility by ill-treatment and confinement, and turned loose at the age of sixteen, when it was thought that he had been rendered totally harmless. In fact he aroused the most widespread interest, everybody who inclined to any of the then fashionable theories of animal magnetism and somnambulism was anxious to have a finger in the pie, and he became a symbolic figure of innocence, "the Child of Europe." Those who want to read a novel on this subject will find Herr Wassermann's narrative accomplished and even absorbing. Myself, I confess that the ordinary objection to the historical novel (that we never know where truth ends and invention begins) applies with double force to a mystery like this: as soon as such a case arouses my interest, what I want is clearly marshalled documentary evidence, not an imaginative *ex parte* fantasia. I gather, from the introduction to the English edition, that this attitude of mind greatly annoys Herr Wassermann; he complains bitterly that when the original version of his book appeared (in 1908) "the actual soul of the book was at first ignored . . . the public and the general run of critics fixed their attention almost exclusively on the plot." Of course they did; if Herr Wassermann simply wished to paint a picture of an innocent soul at odds with the slothful, indifferent, uncomprehending world, he should not have selected an actual, and still undecided, case. He arouses grave doubts as to his own judicial faculties: for instance, an exponent of the opposite view is to him "the typical dry scholar, devoid of fantasy and full of argumentative 'common sense.'" German law permits actions for libels on the dead, and it was no doubt the fact that descendants of Dr. Meyer (one of Hauser's tutors) had won a libel action against the author of a pamphlet of 1883 that induced Herr Wassermann to disguise Meyer in his novel under the name of Quandt. He snaps his fingers at historical accuracy in a most disconcerting way, for example in dealing with Hauser's protector, the fourth Earl Stanhope (half-brother of Lady Hester Stanhope). "Shortly after the publication of the book," he writes, "I almost became involved in litigation with the Stanhope family, who were angry because Lord Stanhope committed suicide in my novel, whereas the real Stanhope, as can be proved, died in his bed. I was obliged to sign a document to the effect that the Lord Stanhope of my novel had nothing to do with the real Lord Stanhope. I did this without any scruple." After this one hardly knows how much weight to attach to his assertion that "the illuminating legal documents which may place the case of Caspar Hauser out of the realm of assumption and opinion and give the matter legal certainty are now in the archives of a princely family in Hungary."

The test of books about Mars is whether, having described *one* Martian landscape and *one* Martian inhabitant, the author can keep it up; this test Mr. Lewis triumphantly passes. I confess to a liking for interplanetary fiction, and this is an excellent specimen, logically and imaginatively worked out and with an excellent ending. As for the latest Wodehouse, it is perfectly delightful; two descriptions will be enough to show that the master's verbal cunning has not deserted him. The first:

> A confirmed recluse you would have called him, if you had happened to know the word.

The second:

> He looked like a Dictator on the point of starting a purge.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

## THE POST-WAR THEATRE

**Moscow Rehearsals.** By NORRIS HOUGHTON. *Allen and Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**The Theatre in a Changing Europe.** By THOMAS DICKINSON and Others. *Putnam.* 15*s.*

Russia is the forcing house of the theatre, and the begetter of the modern tendency in the European theatre to visual rather than auditive art; it relies on *décor*, experimental lighting, symbolical and stylised backgrounds, which can only be achieved in a series of small theatres and studios where the actor is subjected to setting. Russia has no great national theatre, though Stanislavski came very near it; his psychological dissection is the basic trait of the Russian character; there has been flux and change, through which the Moscow Art Theatre has been the only one to survive. This was the proper book for an American to write, and will supersede Huntley Carter's *New Spirit in the Russian Theatre* as the Winckelmann to the Russian theatre, theatre as opposed to drama; he writes with objective clarity, and without laying on isms and istics. First of all you are struck by the number of theatres trying separately to achieve the same end, with practically the same difference to distinguish it from a rival. At one pole the Stanislavski school, the approach psychological, and at the other the Meierhold theatre of externals. The second is that each theatre (except possibly the Vakhtangov with its committee of ten) claiming to be a theatre of the masses is the product of its director, and though collectivist in form, exists entirely through the director's own ability. Thirdly, there are 25,000 actors, none of whom is unemployed, whereas before the war there were 8,000, of whom 1,000 were chronically unemployed.

Houghton, though he has caught the infectious warmth of the forcing house, is never blindly enthusiastic; he critically and whole-heartedly investigates the theatres, their methods and their effectiveness, and the relative position of *régisseur*, actor and designer in each. This he follows up with a description of training and rehearsals in the Stanislavski and Meierhold studios; he has an attractive style, and covers every aspect intelligently. The playwright is the weak link in the chain, which made it necessary to fall back on the classic writers. Despite the decree of 1932, designed to give more freedom to artists, authors and intellectuals, "the privilege to build Socialism must be shared by all creative workers" it was worded, there is a dearth of good plays; the writers have no idea of unity, and, imbued with the small theatre sense, produce material that is either pallidly static or unmanageably dynamic. The mystic thrill for the machine has swung round to interest in the man who works it, and Houghton suspects that they hunger for romanticism, and are suffering from a prolonged overdose of dialectic materialism.

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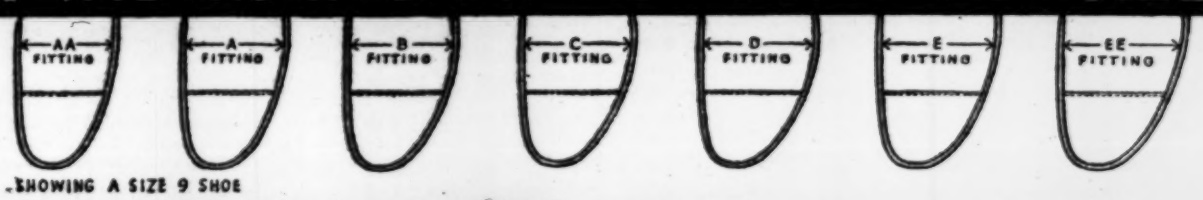


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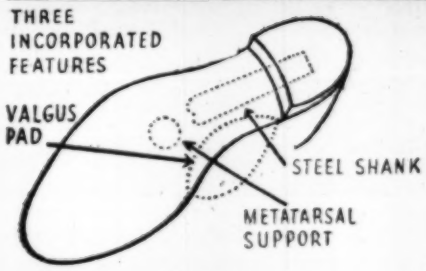

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Moscow revisited; two years later he goes back, to find that Meierhold, the stormy petrel of the theatre, is reported to have left Moscow; he could not march in line with the Revolution. Tairov, one of the representatives of the Russian theatre at the International Congress in Rome, and director of the Kamerny, is now only *régisseur*; with it has been amalgamated the Second Moscow Art Theatre, dissolved in 1936. But at the Art Theatre Stanislavski and Danchenko had been given the highest possible award, the Order of Lenin. Thus Russia is ponderously moving towards a choate and more representative, more national theatre. This book makes a very readable, very enjoyable handbook to the Moscow scene that has left its imprint on every European theatre.

The influence of the small theatre is apparent all through Dr. Dickinson's monumental book—the writers are more concerned with experiments, abstract theories and outside influences than with the fundamentals of their national drama; and rightly, for this is the period of resolution, after which the theatre should settle down in a purged and rejuvenated form. A notable exception is Spain; England has been arbitrarily excluded, with due homage paid to Gordon Craig. The formidable Dr. Gregor writes on the Russian theatre; this has been "translated and adapted," and possibly on this score it leaves a muddled impression; he is a Meierholdian doing his best to pay justice to the Art Theatre. All the same it is an interesting account of the building up of Soviet drama, and is competently summed up by the American authority, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana (all that). The German Language theatre it is called, and this is in the hands of Dr. Bab, erstwhile director of the Berlin Volksbühne, who makes a thorough and exhaustive research of the post-war theatre; in this fashion every country is dealt with; even Jugoslavia and Bulgaria find a place, though England is, of course, left out. The French and Spanish chapters stand out, and more so the long introduction by Dr. Dickinson, which forms a background to the rest of the book. The Italian theatre takes up some 60 pages, the writer minutely describing each Pirandello play to swell the length. The indexes of this book have been particularly well arranged, and the pictures in both books are aptly chosen. To comprehend each and every post-war trend this latter book is invaluable, and cheap at the price; you meet the full blast of the Russian theatre and its effects, and can follow this period of experiment, of theatres international rather than national, and of reconstruction on a scale that has never before been possible.

RAYMOND ALDERSON

**Science and Nutrition.** By A. L. BACHARACH. *Watts.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

This latest volume of the "Changing World Library" presents nearly all the facts that can be said to be scientifically established relative to the nutritional needs of man. It is a book that could be read with advantage by every medical student, by nearly every doctor, by the politicians "who are at the moment very timorously testing the strength of 'nutrition' as a party plank," and by all members of the public who are concerned with, or who talk or write about, the problems of poverty or of health. Though technical terms are, so far as possible, avoided, the book cannot be characterised as "popular." A measure of simplicity has been sacrificed to scientific accuracy, and not everyone will find the book light or easy reading. Here are four of the chapter titles: Carbohydrate Chemistry, The Chemistry of Fats, The Chemistry of Proteins, Amino-Acids in the Body. Any reader who has mastered this concise little work could pass almost any examination in nutritional physiology and nutritional chemistry. Mr. Bacharach is well known for his research work in bio-chemistry; and it seems to me that, in a book of this nature, he has wasted too many pages in defending the methods and the experiments of those engaged in this kind of research. Public attention has lately been drawn by distinguished men of science and by the organised medical profession to the malnutrition of large sections of our people. The opinions of these critics have naturally and rightly been exploited for propaganda purposes by social reformers and others. When their statements are challenged, they are not always well equipped with effective answers. Armed with the knowledge embodied in Mr. Bacharach's book, they should be able to make mincemeat of any Panglossian interlocutor. The book might, indeed, have been entitled "Nutritional Facts for Reformers." The author's own feeling about the social aspects of the question may be gathered from these few quotations: "It is better that a dozen men shall be overfed than that one shall starve to death." "Whatever may be the defects in the cooking and eating of most diets, these are not the most important faults. For the vast majority of the world's workers what is wanted is not mainly an altered order of courses, or even a better cook and kitchen, but simply more money. With that will inevitably come the purchase of more food by those who need it, and the rest will follow." And here is a quotation from the preface by Professor Drummond: "The only real problem of nutrition in England to-day is the task of making available to the poorest person the 'protective foods,' such as milk, butter, fresh salads, and fruit, which are essential for health." A useful and informative handbook.

**Poetry in Practice.** By NORMAN CALLAN. *Lindsay Drummond.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

**English Poetry. A Student's Anthology.** Edited by KENNETH MUIR. *Oxford University Press.* 5*s.*

Mr. Norman Callan, recognising the paradox "that although poetry is widely studied to-day there is probably less sympathy with it as a mode of expression than at any other time," has probably discovered the source of the paradox in the faulty method of teaching poetry in schools. In presenting a case for the progressive study of poetry in schools, he suggests a method of approach applicable to others than those for whom the book is primarily designed. By his emphasis on "words" and "pattern" and on the inseparability of "analysis" and "appreciation" and his continual use of the word "experience" in relation to poems, Mr. Callan takes poetry down from the unattainable shelf, where for many it still dustily reposes, and places it on a shelf where articles of a more everyday nature are kept. No one can doubt that the present system of teaching the subject ultimately stifles rather than encourages a lasting interest in poetry. Mr. Callan's case, briefly, seems to be that poetry can be better taught by a creative than by a critical course; which is an implicit attack on existing methods. By teaching the child to write poetry, he can be encouraged to criticise it; and criticism includes appreciation as well as analysis and valuation. Study should be concentrated at first not so much on what poetry is as on how it is written. The former course invariably leads to the final aphasia of: "High poetry is infinite," "Shelley breathes fire," "Keats provides us with perfect beauty." Whereas a study of the component parts of the poem, an encouragement exercised towards children writing verse, should lead to a far more expressible and alert appreciation. It is to be hoped that all those responsible for teaching poetry in schools will read this helpful and informative book. The scheme would, perhaps, have been more clarified and the book's value enhanced by examples of model lessons or a detailed schedule. But the book's appeal is not limited to the audience for which it is expressly designed.

Mr. Kenneth Muir's anthology is preceded by a necessary excuse, but it is no more a student's anthology than the majority of such collections: and its division into seven parts is scarcely justified by the aim. Two-thirds of the poems included here, however, are absent from the more popular anthologies. As anthologies go it is good; better than most of its kind.

# Week-end Competitions

## No. 450

### Set by Raymond Alderson

It is possible to describe characters or movements in culinary terms. We offer the usual prizes for recipes suggesting the most suitable ingredients and methods for preparing three of the following dishes. No recipe must exceed 100 words. Consommé Dali; Crème Coward; Sole Buchman; Crab New Statesman; Tripe à la Mode; Canard Tabouis; Hash Wells à l'univers; Harringay verts; Pommes Laughton; Cabinet pudding; Bombe Balmoral; Gertrude Steinberger, 1882.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, October 28.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

## RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 448

### Set by Desmond MacCarthy

We offer the usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea for the best inappropriate quotation. For example, engraving on a pair of opera glasses: "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then 'face to face."

### Report by Desmond MacCarthy

In awarding a prize for the most unfortunate or most misplaced quotation the judge leans in favour of those which are sufficiently ambiguous to allow a person to consider them rather happy. It is important they should have conceivably recommended themselves to someone on first thoughts though not on second. It was hoped that the competition would elicit from readers examples which would have the effect, say,

# London Amusements

## MATINEES

*All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.*

**ADELPHI.** Bobby Get Your Gun. Thur., Sat.

**AMBASSADORS.** Spring Meeting Wed., Fri.

**APOLLO.** Tree of Eden. Tues. & Sat.

**COLISEUM.** Varieties. Sats.

**COMEDY.** Room for Two. Tu., Fri.

**GLOBE.** Robert's Wife Wed. & Sat.

**HIPPODROME.** Fleet's Lit Up. Th. & Sat.

**LYRIC.** The Flashing Stream. Wed. & Thurs.

**MERCURY.** Shaw & Soviet Comedy. Sat.

**OLD VIC.** Hamlet. Thur., Sat.

**QUEEN'S.** Dear Octopus. Wed. & Sat.

**S. MARTIN'S.** When We are Married. Tu., Fr.

**SAVOY.** Lot's Wife. Mon., Sat.

**SHAFT'BURY.** Good-bye, Mr. Chips. W., S.

**VAUDEVILLE.** Goodness, How Sad! Tu., S.

**WESTMINSTER.** Dangerous Corner. W., S.

**WYNDHAM'S.** Quiet Wedding. Wed., Sat.

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| Fri., | Oct. 28th. | 7.45. | DON GIOVANNI. |
| Sat., | Oct. 29th. | 2.30. | BALLET—LES RENDEZ-VOUS NOCTURNE, LE LAC DES CYGNES, Act III. |
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Mats., Wednesdays & Fridays, 2.30
**SPRING MEETING**
A Light Comedy by M. J. Farrell and John Perry.

**APOLLO.** (Gerrard 2663.)
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Tues. & Sat., 2.30.
**TREE OF EDEN**
by Kenneth Horne.

**COMEDY.** Whi. 2578. Evgs., 8.30. Tu., Fri., 2.30.
ELSIE RANDOLPH, HENRY KENDALL and
HUGH WAKEFIELD in
**ROOM FOR TWO**

**DUCHESS.** (Tem. 8243.) Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
SYBIL THORNDIKE, EMLYN WILLIAMS in
**THE CORN IS GREEN**
A Comedy
by EMLYN WILLIAMS.

**DUKE OF YORK'S.** 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
SEYMOUR HICKS in
**THE LAST TRUMP**
by JAMES BRIDIE.
THE MALVERN FESTIVAL SUCCESS.

**GLOBE.** Ger. 1592. EVGS., 8.30 sharp.
Mats., WEDS. and SATS., 2.30 sharp.
**ROBERT'S WIFE**
By ST. JOHN ERVINE.

**HIPPODROME.** Ger. 3272. 8.15. Th., Sat., 2.30.
FRANCES DAY, STANLEY LUPINO
ADELE DIXON, RALPH READER
in **THE FLEET'S LIT UP**

**LYRIC.** Ger. 3686. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
GODFREY TEARLE, MARGARET RAWLINGS in
**THE FLASHING STREAM**
by CHARLES MORGAN.

**MERCURY.** Ladbroke Road, W.11. Park 5700.
**SHAW AND SOVIET COMEDY.**
(The Man of Destiny, Squaring the Circle.)
NIGHTLY, 8.15. MATS., SATS., 2.30. 2/6, 3/6, 6/-.

**OLD VIC.** (WATERLOO 6336.) 6d. to 7s. 6d.
EVGS. (exc. Mon.), 7.15. Mats., THURS. & SAT., 1.45.
**HAMLET**
ALEC GUINNESS O. B. CLARENCE
MALCOLM KEEN ANDREW CRUICKSHANK
ANDRE MORELL ANTHONY QUAYLE
HERMIONE HANNEN VERONICA TURLEIGH
Produced by TYRONE GUTHRIE.
Costumes and settings by Roger Furse.

**QUEEN'S.** Ger. 4517. Evgs. at 8.15 sharp.
Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST JOHN GIELGUD in
**DEAR OCTOPUS.** By DODIE SMITH.

**ST. MARTIN'S.** Tem. 1443. 8.30. Tu., Fri., 2.30.
**WHEN WE ARE MARRIED**
A Farcical Comedy by J. B. PRIESTLEY.
A BASIL DEAN PRODUCTION

**SAVOY.** (Tem. 8888.) Evgs., 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.
**LOT'S WIFE** by Peter Blackmore.
NORA SWINBURNE. J. H. ROBERTS.
"Laughter in every line."—*Daily Herald.*

**SHAFTESBURY.** Gerrard 6666.
Evgs., 8.15 prompt. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
LESLIE BANKS, CONSTANCE CUMMINGS in
**GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS**

**STRAND.** (Tem. 2660.) Every Evening at 8.30.
ROBERTSON HARE & ALFRED DRAYTON in
**BANANA RIDGE**
by Ben Travers.

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Revival of our greatest success.
Also "LIVING NEWSPAPER" No. 2: "CRISIS," and "SENORA CARRAR'S RIFLES."
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LUPINO LANE
TEDDIE ST. DENIS & GEORGE GRAVES
**ME AND MY GIRL**
THE HOME OF "THE LAMBETH WALK."

**WESTMINSTER.** (Vic. 0283.) 8/6, 6/6, 4/6, 2/6.
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
LONDON MASK THEATRE presents:—
J. B. PRIESTLEY'S
**DANGEROUS CORNER**
with
ROBERT HARRIS RUTH LODGE
CATHERINE LACEY STEPHEN MURRAY

**WYNDHAM'S.** Tem. Bar 3028 and 9.
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ELIZABETH ALLAN FRANK LAWTON MARIE LOHR


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Merton Hodge.

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Evgs., 7.45. Mats., Sat., 2.30.
**Time and the Conways.**
J. B. Priestley.

## VARIETY ENTERTAINMENTS

**COLISEUM, Charing X.** Tem. 3161.
October 24th. 6.25 and 9. Mats., Sats., 2.30.
LEAGUE OF HEALTH & BEAUTY presents "WOMAN"; Lecuona Cuban Band, Sherkot, Les Allen, Rene & Charlotte Ayres, Grip Quartette, Harry Tate, Harold Walden, Three Jokers, etc.

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**ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St.** Ger. 2981.
Original French Version.
**PRISON SANS BARREAUX** (A)
with CORINNE LUCHAIRE.
"FIVE FACES" (U).

**BERKELEY, Berkeley St.** May. 8505.
DANIELLE DARRIEUX,
in her most brilliant comedy role
**MADEMOISELLE MA MERE** (A).
Also with Charles Boyer in **MAYERLING** (A).

**EVERYMAN** (opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285.
Monday, Oct. 24th, for Seven Days
HUMPHREY BOGART in
**DEAD END** (A).
Also MARCH OF TIME on CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

## CONCERTS

### SIBELIUS FESTIVAL

**QUEEN'S HALL**

| | |
|---|---|
| October 27th | 8.15 p.m. |
| November 1st | 8.15 p.m. |
| November 5th | 3.0 p.m. |
| November 11th | 8.15 p.m. |

**AEOLIAN HALL**

| | |
|---|---|
| October 29th | 3.0 p.m. |
| November 12th | 8.15 p.m. |

THE NEW HUNGARIAN STRING QUARTET
AULIKKI RAUTAWAARA
EVA TURNER
TELMANYI
IGNATIUS

THE LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
**SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, Bart.**

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89th EXHIBITION.
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PICTURES CHOSEN FOR CHILDREN at Paul and Marjorie Abbatt's include the show of Contemporary Lithographs which have excited so much favourable comment at the Leicester Galleries. 25s. and 31s. 6d. "Incredibly cheap when you consider the reputation of the artists." FURNITURE now on display as supplied for play-group room and tutor's study at the New University of London. 94, Wimpole Street, W.1.

## RESTAURANTS

AH well, if you've not been to RULES you have missed a lot in life . . . Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Est. 1780.

GIVE your Sherry Party at The Book WINE RESTAURANT, facing British Museum, where you can also read "THE NEW STATESMAN" and take out, a subscription. Mus. 6428.

## MISCELLANEOUS

HAVE your favourite suit copied exactly in a "John Peel" Cumberland Tweed, £4 17s. 6d. Fit guaranteed or money refunded. Patterns and particulars post free. REDMAYNE, LTD., 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

LARGE Chest, unpolished mahogany, ten drawers and central cupboard with sliding trays. Beautifully made. £8. GERALD HOLTOM, Furnishing Agent, 259b Tottenham Court Road, W.1. Mus. 5119.

BARGAIN YEAR FOR WINTER UNDERWEAR!—Thrifty Buyers! Send for Illus. Catalogue and Free Patterns of lovely "B-P" Underwear. See the BIG REDUCTIONS on last year's prices. Handle patterns, and judge the EXTRA SAVING, quality for quality, through buying DIRECT FROM MAKERS. Pure Wool, Mixtures, Art Silk. Every style and size, for Women, Children, Men. Special OUTSIZE Service. Satisfaction GUARANTEED. Write to Birkett & Phillips Ltd. (Dept. N.S.), Union Road, Nottingham.

SOUTH AFRICAN fresh-cut flowers. "Marvel" brand Chincher Inchee. Last 4 to 6 weeks, delivered in bud any address United Kingdom. 7s. 6d. box appr. 100 blooms. Address orders with remittance to "Flowers" S.A. Department, John Palmer, Junr. & Co., Imperial House, South Street, London, E.C.2.

HAND-PAINTED XMAS CARDS, 10s. a dozen, or send P.O. for 5s. for sample six. "Myriam," 16 Disraeli Gardens, S.W.15.

of finding in one's bedroom, when paying a boring visit, this illuminated text:

Be the day weary or be the day long,
At length it ringeth to even-song;

words at which Samuel Butler used to gaze in a sort of pleased wonder while paying one of his dutiful visits to his two sisters, when he undressed at night.

Had Mr. Chamberlain entered for the prize, he would probably have been awarded it for quoting, after his return from Munich, "Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety," oblivious of its associations. It was a quotation of the aptly unhappy kind.

The passage from Henry IV, P. I, Act 2, as two competitors point out, Mr. "Fog" and Mr. Foulds, continues with a certain unintended but ironic aptness: "The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsuited; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition." And even these two gentlemen would have shared the first prize, had not the discovery of this context appeared in several papers. This makes a difference to a judge awarding prizes; even though Mr. "Fog" and Mr. Foulds discovered it independently. In that case it is bad luck.

Most of the competitors send in quotations with so glaring an ironic implication that the quoter, however dense, would have perceived it. On the other hand it is conceivable that a rather slow-witted founder of a newspaper might choose as a motto for his venture the quotation from Proverbs 23, verse 23: "Buy the truth and sell it not." This is Miss (or Mrs.) Barbara Fletcher's suggestion, and it wins the first prize. The second prize goes to Mr. I. C. Saul for an inscription from "Lycidas" on a memorial tablet to a man who was drowned. The mourners forget for the moment that he was a brewer:

He must not float upon his wat'ry bier
Unwept.

## CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

### PROBLEM 303.—CONCERNING ANDY DIVOT

Andy Divot, retired millowner and golf devotee (or, as his facetious friends put it, "divotee"), made the following offer to his friend, Duncan Bafty:—

"I'll play you," said Andy, "round the first nine holes of the Niblick Hills Championship course. And the match shall be for money, on the following original basis: First, every hole must be won by one or the other of us—if we halve it, we play it again, and continue to play it again until someone has won it. Next, stakes are as follows: If I win an isolated hole, you pay me £1; if I win two holes in sequence, you pay me £1 plus £2, i.e.: £3 in all; if I win three holes in sequence, you pay me £1 + £2 + £3; and so on up to my maximum of £45, which I should get if I won the lot. You, on the other hand, get £1 from me if you win an isolated hole, but £4 if you win two holes in sequence, £9 if you win three holes in sequence, and so on up to your maximum of £81. I'm assuming, you see, that I'm the better player."

"And it's just like your damned cheek to make that assumption!" was Duncan Bafty's retort. "Anyway, man, the match is on. I don't mind saying now that, in my opinion, I'm every bit as good as you are."

Duncan's opinion is, in fact, well-founded. There is nothing whatever to choose between the two players.

*What is Duncan's expectation of gain?*

### PROBLEM 301.—UNCLE PODGER

*Solution by G. H. Fogg*

We require in the first place five different digits such that the maximum possible value of the sum of the product of three of them and the product of the remaining two is 327. The five digits must be 3, 4, 5, 7 and 9.

There are ten different amounts possible in return for picking three of Podger's five discs. These amounts are:

3·4·5 + 7·9 = 123 pence
3·4·7 + 5·9 = 129 „
3·4·9 + 5·7 = 143 „
3·5·7 + 4·9 = 141 „
3·5·9 + 4·7 = 163 „
3·7·9 + 4·5 = 209 „
4·5·7 + 3·9 = 167 „
4·5·9 + 3·7 = 201 „
4·7·9 + 3·5 = 267 „
5·7·9 + 3·4 = 327 „

The average return is therefore 187 pence = 15*s.* 7*d.*

As the cost of a chance is 16*s.* 8*d.*, Podger's expectation is a gain of 1*s.* 1*d.*

*Ans.:* 1*s.* 1*d.* *gain.*

### PROBLEM 300.—THE TWO MOTOR-CARS

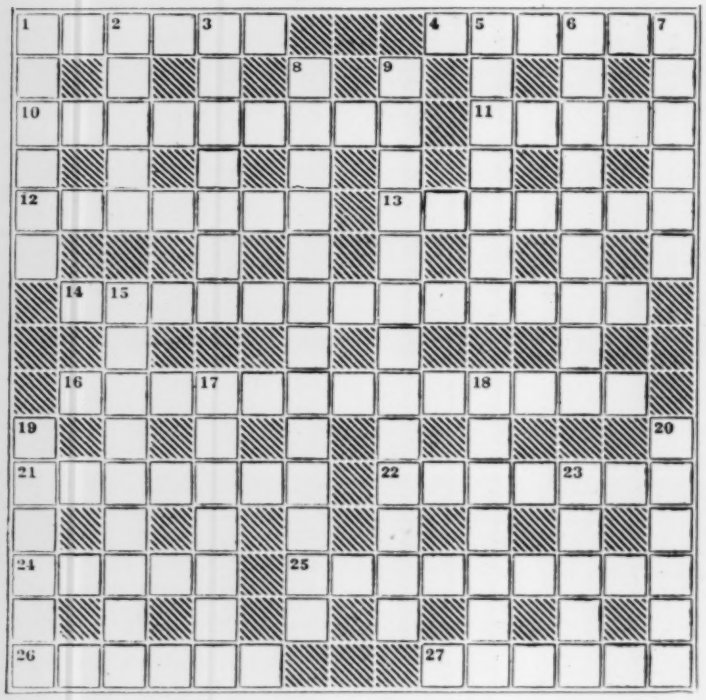
A set of Low's cartoons goes to: Dr. F. W. Bradley, The University, Liverpool.

*Six* points are awarded. CALIBAN

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

## WEEK-END CROSSWORD 450

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss Joan Greenall, 9 Percy Street, W.1

### DOWN

1. Strike tents? (6)
2. Fireworks often "form" it. (5)
3. How they put the brake on property owners? (7)
5. Not the way for fire arms to be pointed. (7)
6. A bit of millinery? (9)
7. I'm tidy in this material. (6)
8. A work party of course. (13)
9. Rip van Winkle's wardrobe presumably. (13)
15. Given to genuine flattery. (9)
17. It isn't played by the fireside. (7)
18. Pain in colour. (7)
19. Frozen dripping. (6)
20. More than enough, but no better. (6)
23. Modern policy in wrestling. (5)

### ACROSS

1. Fashion designers see that last season's models are. (6)
4. Put her in lunatic surroundings. (6)
10. Courtly language of the feline world. (9)
11. Within Bohemia's most recent boundary. (5)
12. A black and white mongrel. (7)
13. Does it give the peacock a back view? (7)
14. The town of Joker's Church. (13)
16. Plot to supply Cooks. (13)
21. Small talk about Brazilian capital. (7)
22. A French one has a place in Herts. (7)
24. Crack in a bit of China? (5)
25. It's not colonels one finds in them. (9)
26. They have shady predecessors. (6)
27. Yet not every University Fellow is such a beauty. (6)

### LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

| | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| I | ■ | P | ■ | C | ■ | COURTCARD | | | | | | |
| N | I | A | G | A | R | A | ■ | A | ■ | A | ■ | E |
| T | ■ | R | ■ | S | ■ | M | ■ | SMITING | | | | |
| H | A | T | S | H | O | P | ■ | ■ | B | ■ | H | ■ | T | ■ |
| E | ■ | I | ■ | I | ■ | S | ■ | BLUETIT | | | | |
| WEARES | T | ■ | ■ | E | ■ | A | ■ | E | ■ | | | |
| A | ■ | L | ■ | R | ■ | OUTRIDERS | | | | | | |
| S | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | O | ■ | E | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | H | |
| H | A | R | E | B | E | L | L | S | ■ | B | ■ | C | ■ | A |
| ■ | I | ■ | N | ■ | P | ■ | ■ | TOYSHOP | | | | |
| P | R | E | V | A | I | L | ■ | A | ■ | A | ■ | O | ■ | E |
| ■ | P | ■ | E | ■ | T | ■ | ■ | MONGREL | | | | |
| C | O | B | L | O | A | F | ■ | E | ■ | D | ■ | T | ■ | E |
| ■ | R | ■ | O | ■ | P | ■ | ■ | NIBBLES | | | | |
| S | T | O | P | S | H | O | R | T | ■ | Y | ■ | E | ■ | S |

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AUTUMN WEEK-ENDS in WEST SUSSEX VILLAGE. Good fires, home-made fare. 6s. a day. SIMONS, Devon Cottage, Westbourne, near Emsworth, Hants.

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## HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

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WINTER SPORTS TOURS: Special party leaving London for CHAMONIX-MONT BLANC on Saturday, December 31st. 9 days, £6 19s. 6d.; 16 days, £8 19s. 6d. inclusive. Write for details to PROSPECT TOURS, LTD., 115 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

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A BACK WITH A VIEW. Over lovely gardens. Tennis. 15 minutes Piccadilly. From 25s., bed b'fast; 37s. 6d., part board. Also FLATLETS (unfurn.). Alcove basins. Kitchenettes, private baths from 18s. 6d. 11 Clifton Gardens, W.9. ABErcorn 3035.

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CHELSEA (best part near Embankment and Gardens). Single or double room with breakfast and dinner in gentlepeople's guesthouse. Every attention and consideration. Terms very moderate. Box 2960.

OVERLOOKING park. Large, sunny bedroom. Part board. Freedom of a home. Quiet. 25s. JONES, 14 Cormont Road, S.E.5.

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DEAL, Kent. Send for photo of our sea view. Very good cooking. Single 3½, Double 5½ *gns.* LLOYD, 9 Castle Road.

VERY large, light studio. Cupboard space. Baths, meals, service available. 30s. p.w. PRI. 6466.

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## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

**Rates and all information on page 665**

# THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

MARKETS AND WALL STREET—UTILITY STOCKS—CABLE AND WIRELESS—COPPER SHARES

No one quite knows why the stock markets took a turn for the better this week, but perhaps the "bears," who never have much patience, started a covering movement. The gilt-edged market, however, attributed its recovery to the improvement in sterling. Perhaps some of the £150 millions which fled from London to New York during the war crisis is coming back and being partly reinvested. The cheerful effect of the continued boom in Wall Street must also not be forgotten. There has been a big volume of turnover in American stocks, and after the reaction on Monday, when 2½ million shares were traded, Wall Street went ahead again on a bullish statement by the Chairman of General Motors. Mr. Sloan finds business so good that he has decided to expand operations, increase the number of employees by 35,000 and restore salaries to the level existing before the February wage cut. The Dow Jones index of industrials is now tipped for 160 (at the moment of writing it is 150) but I would urge extra caution upon would-be speculators. The character of the advance is changing. The Wall Street operator is now switching from the leaders to the smaller-priced speculative stocks which Major Angas calls the "dogs." When a boom in the "dogs" generates it is time for wise investors to leave the market temporarily and watch the fun, as the Americans say, from the sidelines.

* * *

A recent feature of the Wall Street boom has been the recovery in utility stocks. I do not include utilities in the category of "dogs." It is justifiable that in the past month the utility index should have risen more sharply than the industrial share index, for utilities are the only stocks returning satisfactory dividend yields. Apart from the report that the Government did not intend to fight the utility companies any further, although it would press on with the Holding Company Act, the market was entitled to be impressed by the continued rise in the power output index. It was felt that the utility industry could not hold up any longer its new equipment buying and construction programme and that increasing earnings would facilitate the unscrambling and reconstructions necessitated by the Holding Company Act. If the British investor wishes to take an interest in this market, let him follow the investment leaders, such as North American and American Gas and Electric, and for speculation let him choose a still depressed preferred stock, such as Electric Power and Light.

* * *

Cable and Wireless (Holding) 5½ per cent. preference stock has fallen this year from 105 to 88½ to yield £6 4*s*. 9*d*. per cent. The market began to get nervous in May, when for the first time the index of traffic receipts was compiled on the basis of the new rate reductions. Actually, when allowance is made for the new rates the traffic index in May (at 65.3) represented a slight improvement, which was continued in June (66.4). Since then, however, the index has turned sharply downwards, and for August was only 60.2. The September figure has not yet been published, but it is conceivable that the war crisis may have caused an upturn. The disquieting point for the market is that allowing for the rate reductions and the elimination of the beam rental, but taking other revenues and costs on the 1937 basis, the traffic index has to average 67 in order to cover the preference stock dividends. Last year the company put £300,000 to reserve for dividend equalisation. Will it draw upon this reserve to pay a dividend on the ordinary stock or will it use this reserve as the main line of defence of the preference stock dividend? The Marconi interim dividend this year was increased from 2¾ per cent. to 3½ per cent. This is not of major importance, but because the operating company (Cable and Wireless, Ltd.) has recently repeated its own interim dividend some investors are arguing that the Holding Company will pay a dividend on the ordinary stock and, if necessary, draw upon its dividend equalisation reserve to do so. This, in my opinion, would be quite unjustifiable. Until it is seen that international trade is beginning to revive and that the cable-wireless combine is not losing any further ground to such competitors as the air mail lines, the directors of Cable and Wireless (Holding), Ltd. would be well advised to withhold dividends on their ordinary stock.

* * *

I have to add to my note on copper last week the decision of the producers who are members of the restriction scheme to remove restriction of output altogether for the present. Mr. S. S. Taylor, managing director of Rhokana, has declared in an interview that there is no danger of over-production. A weakening of the market would immediately be followed by a re-imposition of restriction. Mr. Chester Beatty at the shareholders' meeting of Roan Antelope this week opposed the idea that the increase in the current demand for copper outside the United States was wholly caused by the demand for rearmament. That demand, he said, had been exaggerated, and when rearmament relaxed he looked forward to an expansion of trade which would bring a larger demand for copper for peace-time purposes. All this is very bullish but, as I have said, I do not anticipate a runaway market in copper. It is now £46¾ per ton, and as production can be expanded fairly quickly over the previous restriction level of 95 per cent. I imagine that the restriction authorities have £45 in mind as a pivotal price. At this price the Rhodesian copper companies can earn very good profits (and shut out a good deal of competition). Here are the earnings with copper at £45 and a quota of 105 per cent. for Roan Antelope and Rhokana:

| | Price. | Dividend % | Estimated Earnings at £45 with 105% quota. | Gross Yields %. On Divs. | On Est. Earnings. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Roan Antelope 5/- | 19/7½ | 20 | 26½ | £5 11 3 | £7 7 6 |
| Rhokana £1 .. | 12 11/16 | 62½ | 96 | £5 16 0 | £8 18 3 |

Some investors might consider an exchange from Selection Trust into Roan Antelope or Rhokana. Of the Selection Trust investments I believe that approximately 50 per cent. in value is represented by its holding of American Metal (which in turn holds Rhodesian copper shares), 20 per cent. by its holding of Consolidated African Selection Trust (industrial diamonds) and 15 per cent. by its holdings of Trepca and other Jugo-Slavian lead-zinc and silver mines. Its Jugo-Slavian interests carry a vague political risk and its American Metal holdings cannot apparently be unscrambled. On the basis of last year's dividend of 12 per cent. per annum Selection Trust 10*s*. shares at 25*s*. yield only £4 18*s*. 9*d*., and even on the basis of 1937/8 earnings of 12¾ per cent. the yield is only £5 5*s*. per cent.

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## APPOINTMENTS, VACANT & WANTED

UNIVERSITY OF CAPE TOWN.

DIRECTOR OF COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The University of Cape Town invites applications for the post of Director of the South African College of Music. The College is incorporated in the University, and the Director occupies the Chair of Music. The salary is £1,000 per annum. The post is vacant from February 1st, 1939.

Applications (six copies) must reach the Secretary, Office of the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2 (from whom forms of application, conditions of appointment, and a memorandum on the College of Music are obtainable), not later than November 25th, 1938. Applicants, in addition to submitting copies of testimonials, must give the names of three referees.

LANCASHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY.

Applications are invited for the post of District Librarian (male) at Ulverston. Candidates must have passed the Intermediate Examination of the Library Association, or must hold the Certificate for the Diploma of the School of Librarianship. Preference will be given to candidates with experience of County Library routine. The appointment will involve control of the Branch Library at Ulverston and village Centres in the North Lonsdale area. The successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination and to contribute to the County Council's superannuation scheme. Applications, together with copies of three testimonials, should reach the DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION, County Offices, Preston, endorsed "Library" not later than Saturday, Oct. 29th.

PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER (Woman) (age under 40) required by London County Council at Bexley Hospital (for nervous and mental disorders), Bexley, Kent. Experience or training in psychiatric social work essential. Officer required to co-operate with medical staff in investigating history of mental cases and in supervising social welfare of patients. Salary £235, rising to £310 a year. No emoluments. Pensionable. Marriage terminates service. For application form returnable by 28th October, send stamped addressed foolscap envelope to Chief Officer (B/A), Mental Hospitals Department, Shell-Mex House, Strand, W.C.2. Canvassing disqualifies.

ORGANISER Manager for Shop in Aid of Spain in Central London from beginning of November till Christmas. Small salary and big opportunity to help Spain. Write SPAIN SHOP COMMITTEE, 6 Gordon Square, W.C.1.

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**Rates, and all information on page 665**

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## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

COURTAULD INSTITUTE OF ART.
PUBLIC LECTURES.

Prof. W. Perceval Yetts: Chinese Bronzes. October 26th; November 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd; *and* February 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd; March 1st, 1939.

These lectures will be held at 20 Portman Square, W.1, at 5.45 p.m., and will be illustrated by lantern slides. The registration fee payable in respect of the whole course (Michaelmas and Lent terms) is 10*s*. Apply to REGISTRAR, 20 Portman Square.

HENRY GEORGE SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE. Free Economic Study Circles at the following addresses: enrol by attendance on date and time stated.

At 34 Knightrider Street, St. Paul's, E.C.4.

Oct. 24th: Monday course once a week 6.30 to 8.30 p.m.

Oct 26th: Wednesday course once a week 6.30 to 8.30 p.m.

Oct. 28th: Friday course once a week 6.30 to 8.30 p.m.

At Battersea Central Library, Lavender Hill.

Oct. 21st: Friday course, fortnightly, 8 to 10 p.m.

At Latchmere Baths, Battersea.

Oct. 26th: Wednesday course, fortnightly, 8 to 10 p.m.

At 18 Dagmar Road, Camberwell.

Oct. 25th: Tuesday course, once a week, 7.30 to 9.30 p.m.

Text Book: *Progress and Poverty* by Henry George (1*s*.).

LAND AND LIBERTY DISCUSSION CLUB, 34 Knightrider Street, St. Paul's, E.C.4. Thursday evenings, 7 to 9 p.m. Free.

Oct. 27th: Land and Liberty in Soviet Russia, Mrs. Kathleen Taylor.

Nov. 3rd: Henry George Theories and Agriculture To-day, R. R. Stokes, M.P.

And weekly meetings extending to March. Syllabus on application.

THE LONDON SCOTS SELF-GOVERNMENT COMMITTEE.

SUPPER
Monday, October 31st, 1938, 7.30 p.m.
Gatti's Restaurant, 436 Strand, London, W.C.
Mr. Neil MacLean, M.P., will preside.
Speakers:
Mr. Ivor Brown. Mr. A. S. Neill.
Mr. Hugh MacDiarmid. Mr. Edwin Muir.
(C. M. Grieve.)
Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell.
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"EXHIBITION ARCHITECTURE," by Howard Robertson, F.R.I.B.A., S.A.D.G. Chairman: F. R. YERBURY, Hon. A.R.I.B.A. October 28th at 6.15 p.m. REIMANN SCHOOL, Regency St., S.W.1. Vic. 3131.
Write for Lecture List.

HAMPSTEAD Russia To-day Society. Miss D. Levin lectures on "Schools and Children in the U.S.S.R." 153 Finchley Road, Swiss Cottage. 8.15 p.m., Thursday, Oct. 27th. Admission 6*d*. and 1*s*. Refreshments. Exhibition of photos.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queensway, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, October 23rd, at 11 a.m., MISS MARJORIE BOWEN: "TOLERATION." 6.30 p.m., DR. PRYNS HOPKINS: "PUBLIC AFFAIRS AND THE AMERICAN SCENE."

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Sunday, October 23rd, at 11 a.m., W. B. CURRY, M.A., B.Sc.: "THE PROBLEM OF FREEWILL." 6.30 p.m., Concert Chamber Music. Admission free. Visitors welcome.

PROF. J. B. S. HALDANE will speak on "IS DARWINISM DEAD?" at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, on Tuesday next, the 25th inst., at 7 p.m. ADMISSION FREE.

HAMPSTEAD ETHICAL SOCIETY, 153, Finchley Road, Swiss Cottage. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 6.15, John Katz, B.A.: "Why not an Ideology for Englishmen?"

YOUTH HOUSE, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1. At 8 p.m., Monday, 24th. "Jews and Community Service," Rev. E. Lipson, M.A. Monday, 31st. "Bird Photography," Lantern Lecture, Mr. E. P. Jeffree, B.Sc.

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